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X. On Platina and Native Palladium from Brasil. By William Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Sec. R.S.

PLATINA was for more than sixty years brought only from Choco and Santa Fé. About three years ago, M. Vauquelin discovered this metal in some gray silver ores from Guadalecanal, in Estremadura; and lately it has been detected in a mineral received from the gold mines in Brasil; and it is the more curious, from having grains of native palladium mixed with it. This ore is, in its external character, very different from the common ore of platina. It differs also in its chymical properties. It appears to be free from iron, iridium, and rhodium; it contains a small quantity of gold in its composition; and small particles of gold (alloyed with silver) are discernible through it.

The palladium appeared to be nearly pure, and was in distinct grains. It is evidently alloyed with iridium, which occasions a presumption that osmium and rhodium may hereafter appear, when the mineral can be obtained in larger quantity. The grains of native palladium have radiating fibres, by which external character, Dr. Wollaston was able to distinguish it in the small specimen of this ore which he had the opportunity of examining.

XI. On a Native Arseniate of Lead. By the Rev. William Gregor. Communicated by Charles Hatchett, Esq. F. R. S.

This mineral was raised in the mine called Hael-Unity, a very rich copper mine, in the parish of Gwennap, Cornwall. It is regularly crystallized; the form of its most perfect crys-

tals is an hexaedral prism; their colour consists of a variety of tints of yellow. Preliminary experiments proved to Mr. Gregor that this fossil consisted chiefly of oxide of lead, arsenic acid, and a small quantity of muriatic acid. An analysis, which seems to have been conducted with sufficient skill and precision, gives the constituent parts of it in one hundred as follows:

Oxide of lead	-	-	69.76
Arsenic acid	-	-	26.40
Muriatic acid	-	-	1.58

We must observe that Mr. Gregor has neglected the best of all proofs of the existence of the arsenic acid; the reduction of the metal, which might, we should think, have been very easily effected. But, notwithstanding this defect, Mr. G's memoir contains some facts which deserve notice. We will mention one or two.

1. Mr. Gregor found it impossible to dissever arsenic acid and lead by the medium of an aerated alkali; a small part of the acid united to the alkali, but the far greater portion remained with the lead. 2. Nor would ammonia take any arsenic acid from the lead. The mineral was dissolved in nitric acid, carbonate of ammonia was added, which precipitated the mineral in an unaltered state. 3. Mr. Gregor found considerable difficulty in determining the quantity of muriatic acid, by precipitating a solution of the mineral in nitric acid by nitrate of silver. The result was variable.

'I found,' he says, 'that the muriat was more abundant in the cases, where I employed a vessel with a long neck for the solution, and did not expose it to heat.'

'I concluded, therefore, that when the process was conducted under different circumstances, the predominating mass of nitric acid produced its effect, and volatilized a portion of the muriatic.'

This is a striking example of the uncertainty of chemical agents, even those in which we are used to place the greatest confidence.

XII. *An Anatomical Account of the Squalus Maximus, (of Linnaeus) which in the Structure of its Stomach forms an intermediate Link in the Gradation of Animals, between the Whale Tribe and Cartilaginous Fishes. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.*

From the anatomical description of this fish, it appears in many respects similar in its structure to the shark, but it differs essentially from it in the form of the stomach, and constitutes in that respect an intermediate link between the shark and the

whale. Mr. Home has given a very accurate account of it, and has favoured us also with a drawing of the fish; and also of a mutilated fish, a drawing of which had been sent to Sir Joseph Banks from the Orkneys, and which had been supposed to be a sea snake. Mr. Home thinks it to have been a squalus. We have plates also of the stomach of the squalus, of a portion of the intestines, and of the stomach of the dog-fish, to shew the difference of its structure from that of the squalus.

XIII. On an Improvement in the Manner of dividing Astronomical Instruments. By Henry Cavendish, Esq. F. R. S.

In the first part of the transactions for 1809, Mr. Frougton had pointed out the inconvenience and errors that are caused in dividing instruments by continual bisections, from putting the point of the compasses into the divisions previously made in order to measure others, by which process the points are enlarged, and often displaced. Mr. Cavendish has sought to avoid this inconvenience by using a beam compass, having only one point, and a microscope made to slide along the beam, which serves as the centre. The actual centre of the compass is fixed out of the circle or arc to be divided, on a block or frame of wood, which is moveable in order that it may be so adjusted, that the point and the microscope shall be both in the circumference of the arc. In using this compass it is directed that the microscope should be fixed at one end of the arc to be bisected, and at such a distance from the point of the compass as is equal, or nearly equal, to the chord of half the arc; then making a scratch with the point, it will bisect the arc nearly. By proceeding in the same manner at the other extremity of the arc, the middle point between the two scratches will accurately bisect the arc. The author has also described a singular method by which a given arc may be divided into five equal parts, by repeating the chord of the fifth part along the arc from each end; but in this case, the intervals between the scratches must be divided into five parts; and he therefore thinks it advisable that a micrometer should be used with the microscope, with which assistance the true point of division may be found with great accuracy. He has shewn that this method of quinquesectioning is not liable to much greater errors than that of bisecting. We know not what objection might occur in practice, but this method appears calculated to be of much service to the artist. The apparatus is simple, and the operation easy.

XIV. *On a Method of examining the Divisions of Astronomical Instruments.* By William Lax, M. A. &c.

The author has been led to the invention described in this paper, by considering how liable the divisions of our best instruments are to errors, which he is convinced are of much greater magnitude than is commonly supposed. The general principle of his method consists in comparing with each other (by means of a fixed concentric arc, to which a moveable microscope is attached) all arcs of the same nominal length, such as the two semicircles, the four quadrants, the six arcs of sixty degrees, &c. taking the larger arcs first, and then their subdivisions; the excess or defect of each with respect to the first arc of the same kind, which is taken as the standard, is noted down. The author has shewn in what manner the corrections may be made from these measurements. He has also investigated the *maximum* of error that can arise in the examination, from inaccuracies in adjustment, or in reading off the measurements, which he makes to be 12.86 seconds, on the supposition that an error of one second may be made in each reading: but as he is satisfied that he 'can read off to a certainty within less than three quarters of a second,' the greatest error is reduced to 9.63 seconds. This process possesses one great advantage, which is, that any observation may be corrected by comparing it with the whole circle, or with some multiple of the arc, without having occasion to correct other divisions. The method is described with much simplicity and clearness.

XV. *On the Identity of Columbium and Tantalum.* By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

Chymists have already suspected that Mr. Hatchett, under the name of Columbium, and M. Skeberg under that of Tantalum, had described the same substances. The columbite and the tantalite, from whence the metallic oxides are respectively produced, are so much alike in their physical characters that, says Dr. Wollaston, 'it is extremely difficult to discern a difference that can be relied upon.' By analysis they are found to consist of the same three ingredients; a white oxide and small quantities of iron and manganese. The white oxide is the substance in question, and Dr. Wollaston, by a minute and critical examination of the effects of reagents, has sufficiently established their identity. The paper is interesting, from the masterly manner in which the tests are applied.

It is very remarkable that though the strong mineral acids

have no power of dissolving the oxide of either of these minerals, each one completely dissolved by the vegetable acids; the oxalic, the tartaric, and the citric; and under the same limitations. This agreement seems completely to establish the identity of the two substances.

In one point, however, they disagree. The specific gravity of columbite is 5,918; that of tantalite 7,953. Dr. Wollaston conjectures that this circumstance may be owing to a difference in the state of oxidation; from the state or mode of aggregation; and in part from actual cavities in the mass of columbite.

XVI. Description of a reflective Goniometer. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

We believe that our readers may comprehend the use of this ingenious contrivance by means of the following extract from Dr. Wollaston's paper :

'The instrument which I use, consists of a circle graduated on its edge, and mounted on a horizontal axle, supported by an upright pillar. This axle being perforated, admits the passage of a smaller axle through it, to which any crystal of moderate size may be attached by a piece of wax, with its edge, or intersection of the surfaces, horizontal and parallel to the axis of motion.

'This position of the crystal is first adjusted, so that by turning the smaller axle, each of the two surfaces, whose inclination is to be measured, will reflect the same light to the eye.

'The circle is then set to zero, or 180° , by an index attached to the pillar that supports it.

'The small axle is then turned till the further surface reflects the light of a candle or other definite object to the eye, and lastly, (the eye being kept steadily in the same place) the circle is turned by its larger axle, till the second surface reflects the same light. This second surface is thus ascertained to be in the same position as the former surface had been. The angle through which the circle has moved, is in fact the supplement to the inclination of the surfaces; but as the graduations on its margin are numbered accordingly in an inverted order, the angle is correctly shewn by the index, without need of any computation.'

XVII. Continuation of Experiments for investigating the Cause of coloured concentric Things, and other Appearances of a similar Nature. By William Herschel, L. L. D. F. R. S.

In the former part of his paper, Dr. Herschel has proved that only two surfaces, which are in contact with each other, are essential to the formation of coloured concentric rings.

Applying this principle to other combinations of surfaces, the doctor shows that a cylindrical surface in contact with a plain surface, or with another cylindrical surface, gives coloured streaks of a lively red and green; that a combination of cylindrical and spherical surfaces produces coloured elliptical rings; and that irregular surfaces produce irregular and variegated coloured figures. These facts, of which the principles are of easy comprehension, are illustrated by apt experiments. Between plain and parallel surfaces no such phenomena can ever be perceived, unless by pressure the uniformity of either of the surfaces be destroyed, and one or both of them be made to assume a degree of curvature at the point of contact. But it is necessary that the incumbent plain glass should be of a parallel thickness, otherwise colour is produced. This case is considered in another part of this memoir.

Hitherto the cause of the configuration only of these phenomena has been considered. The doctor next proceeds to investigate the production and arrangement of the colours.

The arrangement of the colours of the rings is prismatic; that is to say, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. To illustrate, therefore, the production of these colours, the doctor has recourse to prismatic experiments.

If a right angled prism is laid down on a table before an open window, and the eye brought to a convenient altitude, and pretty near the side of the prism a bow may be seen in it, which from the predominant colour may be called blue. This phenomenon has been noticed by Sir Isaac Newton, and explained by him, by what he has called the different reflexivity of the rays of light, falling on the base of the prism. But Dr. Herschel has shown that this appearance can be perfectly accounted for upon the common and well-known principle of the different refrangibility of the different coloured rays. At a certain angle of obliquity a ray of light cannot pass through glass into air, but is reflected. This angle is different for the different coloured rays. Hence, when there are a number of rays passing in every direction within glass, there must be a certain space in which all the violet and portions of the indigo, of the blue, and half the green will be reflected, and uniting form an assemblage of which the predominant colour will be blue, whilst the other half of the prismatic colours belonging to the same rays are transmitted through the base of the prism. Dr. Herschel has given the proper elements of this bow, determining the angle subtended by it to be $21^{\circ} 41'' 5$. For seeing it the eye must be placed so, that the middle ray of the bow coming to the eye must make an angle of $49^{\circ} 57' 3''$, 3, with the reflecting base.

'The angles,' says the doctor, 'at which the rays that constitute the blue bow are separated from the rest may very properly be called *critical*, and the effect, which is the consequence of the oblique incidences that have been given, may with equal propriety be called a *critical separation* of the differently coloured rays of light.'

But besides the blue bow a red one may be observed in a situation nearly similar. To see it, the observer should be placed in the open air, and standing with his back within a few feet of some wall or building hold the side of an equilateral prism flat over his eyes, and look upwards to an altitude of about 30° ; a beautiful arch will be visible of a deep red colour, succeeded by a bright orange and yellow, with a considerable portion of green on the inside. This appearance Dr. Herschel explains upon the same principle of the different refrangibility of light. Of the white incident light a portion at a certain degree of obliquity will be divided into two portions; the least refrangible will be reflected by the external side of the prism; the most refrangible, consisting of the red, orange, yellow, and half the green will enter the prism, and impress the eye with its appropriate sensation. The whole angle of this bow, formed again by a *critical separation* of light, but on a different side of the prism is calculated to $15^{\circ} 46'' 1$, and the mean obliquity of the eye is $49^{\circ} 38' 19'' 5$. Both in this and the former computation, the refraction of the surface nearest the eye is neglected. In fact this will alter its apparent position, and prisms which have large refracting angles will magnify the bows more, and require the eye to be nearer than those which have smaller angles.

These bows may both be projected upon the ceiling of a dark room, by placing a prism in a due position to a beam of light. The glass through which the beam is admitted must be roughened evenly on both sides, the formation of the bows requiring scattered light. To form the red bow, likewise, the side most exposed to the incident light should be covered, the rays of which it is composed being those which fall with great obliquity on the base of the prism. The splendor of the direct incident light would prevent the red bow from being so distinctly visible.

Both these bows may be made visible in the same prism.

'To prove this,' says Dr. H. 'let a right angled prism be laid down on a sheet of white paper before a window, and when the eye is placed in the proper situation for seeing a reflected blue bow, we may instantly transform it into a transmitted red one, by covering the side of the prism which is towards the light with

a slip of pasteboard; for by stopping the direct light which before fell on the base of the prism, and was there reflected, we then see the bow by light intermitted from the paper through the base, which, as has been explained, will be red.

'Similar experiments,' it is added, 'may be made by candle-light upon either of the bows; for when a sheet of white paper is pinned against a wall, that it may reflect the light of a candle placed upon a table about three or four inches from the paper, we may then see the blue bow in a prism placed upon a dark ground before the reflecting paper; and the green colour, which it is not very easy to perceive distinctly in day light, will here be very visible, and the more so if we use an equilateral prism instead of a right angled one. When the reflecting paper is removed from the wall and laid under the prism, that the light may be thrown upwards and transmitted through the base, we see a bow of a lively red colour.'

Plain surfaces cannot produce colours; but they have the power of modifying and multiplying them when produced. When a plain glass or metalline mirror is laid under the base of a right angled prism in which either of the bows are seen, the contact of the two plain surfaces produces a great number of coloured streaks, parallel to the bow, and most of them within, and some just under it. By *parallel* to the bow, we suppose the doctor means forming chords to the arc. The doctor makes use of this appearance to ascertain the nature of any coloured appearance in the prism. If by the application of a plain glass, coloured streaks are produced, it is a sign that the prismatic appearance is occasioned by the *critical* separation of light by the surface, to which the glass is applied. If not, it is caused by the common refractive power of the prism. The doctor has applied these principles to the explanation of several curious appearances, which may be observed in equilateral or rectangular prisms; of which he has given very pleasing and satisfactory solutions. But we feel it impossible to make them intelligible to our readers without the aid of the diagrams, by which they are illustrated.

The streaks that are produced by the application of a plain surface to the reflecting side of the prism, which forms the blue bow are composed of all the prismatic colours. A streak consists of a certain principal colour, and the intermediate tint which separates it from the next. The office performed by the surface of the subjacent plain glass, is to reflect back the rays of the transmitted red part of the spectrum, which being mixed with a blue part, both together, by their intersections, produce the streaks. A regular reflecting surface is necessary to their formation; for if a sheet of white

paper, or double emiered glass be substituted for the plain reflecting surface, no streaks are produced.

The doctor next endeavours to trace the course of the rays, so as to convey an idea of the arrangement, by which these appearances are produced. The illustration is accompanied by a figure on the formation of which great labour must have been bestowed; but without this assistance, the general principle is evident enough.

When a white ray falls at the critical angle, a part of the light is reflected and another portion transmitted. At the point of incidence half the ray will be reflected; and at regular intervals (which may be made a subject of calculation) the red, orange, yellow, and a portion of the green meeting the second surface, will be also reflected, and again transmitted through the first medium; and both the reflected portion of the ray and the others, will pass upwards at the same angle at which they were incident, and will therefore form a coloured pencil of parallel rays. But the rays which after transmission reenter the prisms at different points, will not proceed in a parallel direction with those that by reflection from the same or neighbouring points form the blue bow. For this bow is formed of converging light. The rays, therefore, which reenter the prism will decussate and intersect each other. Some will converge, some will diverge, and some again will be parallel. These circumstances depending upon fixed and regular laws that give the streaky appearances. On this subject the doctor modestly concludes thus:

‘It will be understood that I have only attempted to give some idea of the action of surfaces, in giving configuration to colours that are already produced; but that the principle of reflection is the cause of streaks will remain evident, even if the method of its action should not have been explained so much to our satisfaction as we might wish.’

It is evident that the critical separation of light must take place at every point of the reflecting or transmitting surface. If it is not seen it is because the proper rays cannot reach the eye. The form of an arch or bow is given, upon the same principle as that the rainbow itself is seen in the form of an arch, the eye being in the centre of the arch. If a prism be laid down, and the bow be kept in view, while we gradually draw the eye away; it will be seen that the curvature, which the bow had assumed, will continually be diminished, and nearly vanish at a moderate distance.

The following experiment evinces that the colours of the

bow-streaks owe their production to the critical separation of the different parts of the prismatic spectrum :

‘ Let a plain glass be laid under the base of a right angled prism ; then if the eye at first be placed very low, no streaks will be seen ; but when afterwards the eye is gradually elevated, till by the appearance of the blue bow, we find that the principle of the critical separation of colours is exerted, the streaks will become visible, and not before ; nor will they remain in view when the eye is lifted higher than the situation in which the effects of the critical separation are visible. It is therefore evident, not only that the colours are furnished by the same cause which produces the bow, but also that they are modified into streaks by the plain surface under the prism.’

The same fact is true if a spherical surface be substituted for a prism ; it has been shown that coloured rings appear instead of streaks ; but, like the streaks, these will not be visible, when the eye is below the place where the bows can be seen.

These are the principles which Dr. Herschell applies to account for the generation of coloured rings by lenses. The appearance of the bows is caused by the angle under which it must be received by the eye. They would appear to be straight lines could they be seen in directions perpendicular to a line drawn parallel to the edges of the prism. Suppose then a long prism bent round in a circular form so that its two ends might meet ;—in this case these lines would be changed into rings, one of which would be formed by reflection, and the other by transmission. A lens is such a prism, differing only in that an angle contained between two lines applied as tangents to different parts of its surface is variable, whereas, the refracting angle of a given prism is constant. But the circular form of the lens, refracting and bringing the light to a focus in its passage out of the glass to the eye, prevents the bows becoming visible to the naked eye. This effect is proved by a very simple experiment. Upon the flat side of a prism, through which either of the bows is seen lay a plano-convex glass of a short focus. When the eye is brought near the focus of the lens, the bows will be entirely effaced as far as they are covered by the lens.

How then does it happen that there is no colour perceived when light falls upon plain surfaces and is transmitted ? For some scattered light must, according to Dr. Herschel’s theory, be critically separated, both at its entrance into the glass, and when reflected at the inferior surface. The answer to this difficulty is, that coloured light is indeed formed ; but owing

to the parallelism of the surfaces it cannot emerge. The reflection of a mean ray of the blue bow is at an angle of $49^{\circ} 57' 3'' 3$; this being likewise the oblique incidence on the upper surface, a ray coming in that direction with the mean refrangibility of the rays of the blue bow cannot come out of glass. And the same is true of the red bow. The colours become visible when the upper surface is inclined to the lower at an angle of nine degrees. A smaller angle would probably be sufficient to permit the emergence of the coloured rays. But the strong reflection from the outside of the glass, and the contraction of the dimensions of the bows are strong obstacles to the bows being perceived at a great obliquity.

We have now gone through Dr. Herschel's interesting paper. We must observe that some of the phenomena the doctor has not attempted to solve. We mean the great number of coloured concentric rings which are formed by the contact of only two surfaces; with intermediate dark spaces. This ought probably to be accounted for on a principle somewhat analogous to that which the doctor has used to explain the formation of coloured streaks; but there are so many circumstances to be taken into account, that it is hardly possible, perhaps, to give a strictly rigorous solution of the problem. But to Dr. Herschel must be given the praise of having rescued the science of optics from an arbitrary and unsatisfactory hypothesis; and having substituted a principle consonant to experiment, intelligible, and agreeable to the acknowledged principles of the science.

XVIII. *An Account of a Calculus from the Human Bladder of uncommon Magnitude.* By Sir James Earle, F. R. S.

The unhappy person who suffered the heavy affliction of this cruel disease, was the late Sir Walter Ogilvie, of Dundee. He had been rendered paralytic by a blow at the age of twenty-three; at the age of forty these symptoms of stone were perceived; and by improvident delay, the inconvenience increased to such a degree, that at length he could make no water without standing almost on his head, which he was obliged to do very frequently in the course of the day.

The stone was so large as to be felt above the pubis. An attempt was made by Mr. Cline to extract it by the usual lateral operation; but it was found impossible to bring the mass away; and therefore a few days after this attempt, 'he quickly resigned,' says the narrator, 'a singularly miserable existence.'

The account of this stone is comprised in a few words :

' When taken out, the form of the stone appeared to have been moulded by the bladder ; the lower part having been confined by the bony pelvis took the impression of that cavity, and was smaller than the upper part, which having being unrestricted in its growth, except by the soft parts, was larger, and projected so as to lie on the os pubis.

' A large excavation had been made in the lower part, which lay in the neck of the bladder, by the operation. The internal structure was thus exposed, in which appeared distinct stones or nuclei, now consolidated into one mass, disposed in layers.

' The weight of the stone was forty-four ounces, or three pounds four ounces (apothecary's weight) the form of it elliptical, the periphery, on the longer axis, sixteen inches, on the shorter, fourteen.'

In its chymical composition it appeared to consist of the triple phosphate of ammonia and magnesia, with phosphate of lime forming together the fusible calculus. It is deposited in the Surgeon's Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

XIX. On expectorated Matter. By George Pearson, M. D. F. R. S.

Dr. Pearson seems inclined to revert to the humoural pathology, on which subject we do not wholly differ from him. The varieties of expectorated matter he arranges under seven heads :

' 1. The jelly-like semi-transparent kind of a blueish hue, excreted in a healthy state.

' 2. The thin mucilage-like transparent matter, so copiously expectorated in bronchial catarrhs.

' 3. The thick opaque straw-coloured, or white and very tenacious matter, coughed up in a great variety of bronchial and pulmonary affections ; especially in that of tubercles.

' 4. Puriform matter secreted without any division of continuity or breach of surface of the bronchial membrane, very commonly occurring in pulmonary consumptions.

' 5. The matter which consists of opaque viscid masses, together with transparent fluid ; or the second sort above stated, with nodules of the third or fourth kind.

' 6. Pus from vomicae of tubercles.

' 7. Pus from vomicae by simple inflammation of the lungs, and without tubercles.'

Dr. Pearson confines his observations in this paper to the five first of these species ; of which he gives 1st. *The sensible or obvious properties* ; 2d. *Agency, chiefly of Caloric* ;

3d. *Agency of Alcohol of wine*; 4th. *With water*; 5th. *Agency of acetous acid*. To these are added, 6th. *Some experiments with different objects, and the conclusions*. It being impossible for us to go through the detail of the doctor's experiments, we must be contented with giving the most important results.

It appears that all these kinds of matter contain the same ingredients, but in different proportions; and we presume to think that the doctor would have done well to have confined himself to the detail of experiments upon one species, and pointed out, *en passant*, any remarkable varieties. The essential ingredients are albuminous animal substance; and water impregnated with saline and earthy bodies. The first, Dr. Pearson calls, an animal oxide, and it forms commonly from five to six per cent. of the expectorated matter. The saline and earthy matters are, muriate of soda, potash, phosphate of lime, ammonia probably united to phosphoric acid; phosphate, perhaps of magnesia, carbonate of lime, a sulphate, vitrifiable matter, or perhaps silica, and oxide of iron.

According to the doctor's experiments, each of the human fluids contains neutralized potash; it is united to oxide of animal matter, or albumen, and therefore easily discoverable. In this Dr. P. differs from most chymists, who maintain that the circulating and secreted fluids are impregnated with soda. Dr. Pearson observes, not without the appearance of probability that,

'it seems much more reasonable that the human fluids should be found to contain potash than soda, united to some oxide, or destructible acid; because the former alkali is daily introduced with the vegetable food, and with the drink of fermented liquors, and it is as little likely to be destroyed, as the muriate of soda also induced in the very same way. The question must, however, be decided by experiment.'

The last of Dr. Pearson's conclusions is, that expectorated matter belongs to the class of coagulated fluids, and not of gelatinizable, or, as commonly asserted, mucous fluids.

XX. *On the Attractions of homogeneous Ellipsoids.* By James Ivory, M. A. Communicated by Henry Brougham, Esq. F. R. S.

This paper contains a method of simplifying the investigation of a problem which is of great importance to physical astronomy. The laws of the attractions of spherical bodies, and of spheroids of revolution, in some cases, have been given by Newton; but the case in which the attracted

part is without the spheroid was left to the discovery of Le Gendre. La Place made the problem more general by extending it to all ellipsoids, or solids, whose three principle sections are ellipses; but his mode of treatment wants perspicuity, and is laboured. Mr. Ivory has investigated this general problem in a different manner, by a fluxionary process, perhaps as simple as the difficulty of the subject will allow: our limits will not permit us to enter into a detail of the method he has pursued. The investigation shews that some general results, which have been proved to obtain respecting the attractions of revolutions, obtain also with respect to any solids bounded by surfaces of the second order.

XXI. Observations on Albumen, and some other Animal Fluids; with Remarks on their Analysis by electro-chymical Decomposition. By William Brande, F. R. S. Communicated by the Society for the Improvement of Animal Chymistry.

Mr. Brande was led to the observations contained in this paper, by an attempt to investigate the nature of mucus. He found that the re-agents (nitrate of silver and acetate of lead) employed to detect mucus, act principally on the salts contained in it, and not merely on the secretion itself. He was led to attempt to deprive it of its salts by decomposing them by electricity, as applied by the voltaic battery. The apparatus being in action in the usual manner, a quantity of albumen collected on the negative side, whilst nothing was observed on the positive side. To explain this appearance Mr. Davy suggested, that the fluidity of albumen might depend upon the presence of alkaline matter, the separation of which, at the negative pole, would cause it to assume a solid form. Mr. Brande made therefore several experiments to verify this idea, the principal of which are here stated.

1. Distilled water extracts from coagulated albumen a viscid substance with strong alkaline properties; it appears to be an extremely dilute alkaline solution of albumen.

2. Alcohol also extracts alkaline matter.

3. Acids, by reason of their superior affinity to alkali, act more rapidly, and the coagulation is more perfect.

The alkali of albumen appears to be soda; the albumen contains likewise a muriatic acid. 'May not,' says Mr. Brande, 'a submuriate of soda exist in fluid albumen?'

On Mr. Brande's theory we must beg leave to remark that

we conceive it requires farther experiments for its establishment. Can it be proved that the coagulated albumen is, after the separation of the water in which it has been boiled, wholly free from alkaline matter? The coagulation of albumen resembles so much that of the blood, and other juices both of animals and vegetables, to most of which this theory is inapplicable, that we cannot wholly assent to it, without farther proof.

Mr. Brande has successfully applied electrical decomposition to the analysis of other animal fluids. By this agent he separated albumen from saliva, the mucus of the oyster, the mucus of the trachea, &c. Both alkaline and acid matter was also evolved. The electri-chymical decomposition of bile affords albumen (in variable proportions) and soda at the negative pole; and at the positive pole a mixture of muriatic and phosphoric acids. The effect on milk is similar; but the separation of albuminous matter is not so rapid. The liquor of the amnios has the properties of a dilute solution of liquid albumen. This decomposition of albumen takes place in different ways, according to the electrical power employed. With a power comparatively high the coagulation goes on rapidly at the negative pole, but only very slowly at the positive pole; whereas, with an extremely low power, the coagulation is comparatively rapid at the positive surface, an alkaline solution of albumen surrounding the negative pole. It appeared that a battery of twenty-four three inch double plates is sufficient to effect a perfect coagulation at the negative pole, even where the albumen is diluted with so large a quantity of water, as to elude the usual tests.

XXII. Hints on the Subject of Animal Secretions. By *Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.* Communicated by the *Society for the Improvement of Animal Chymistry.*

When the stuprizing effects of the galvanic electricity on animal bodies was discovered, it was natural to conjecture that the electric fluid is a powerful instrument in the operations of the animal economy. Dr. Wollaston instituted an experiment, attempting to imitate secretion. Dr. Berzelius, in a work on animal chymistry has maintained the doctrine that animal secretion, like all the other processes in animal bodies, is dependent on the nerves.

'Trace all the nerves,' he says 'leading to any secretory organ in a living animal, and divide them, being careful not to injure the blood-vessels and the structure of the organ itself, as little as may be: notwithstanding the continued circulation

of the blood, the organ will as little secrete its usual fluid, as an eye deprived of its nerve can see, or a muscle whose nerve has been divided can move.'

What had suggested itself to Dr. Wollaston and others, suggested itself also to Mr. Home; but we do not see that he has been able to devise any new and correct experimental proof of electrical agency. He cites the well known facts concerning the electrical eel and torpedo, which have something very like a voltaic battery in their structure; and the equally well known experiment on the crural nerves of the frog.

In furtherance of Mr. Home's views, Mr. William Brande exposed blood both out of the vessels, and in the vessels, and also the serum of the blood to the electrical agency. It was found that the coagulation of the blood is an insurmountable obstacle to the long continued electrical action. In the experiments with the serum alone the result was nearly as described in Mr. Brande's paper on albumen.

'A low negative power of electricity separates from the serum of the blood an alkaline solution of albumen; a low positive power separates albumen with acid, and the salts of the blood. That with one degree of power, albumen is separated in a solid form, with a less degree it is separated in a fluid form.'

Mr. Home has thrown together his *hints* from these facts in the form of queries; but we cannot say that they tend to throw much light on a subject naturally so obscure as almost to repress the spirit of curiosity and inquiry.

XXIII. On the comparative Influence of the Male and Female Parents on their Offspring. By Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F. R. S. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. F. R. S.

'The apple, or crab of England, and of Siberia' (says Mr. Knight) 'however dissimilar in habit and character, appears to constitute a single species only; in which much variation has been effected by the influence of climate on successive generations; for the two varieties readily breed together, and the offspring, whether raised from the seeds of the Siberian, or British variety, were prolific to a most exuberant extent. But there was a very considerable degree of dissimilarity in the appearance of the offspring; and the leaves, and general habits of each, presented an obvious prevalence of the character of the female parent. The buds of those plants, which had sprung from the seeds of the cultivated apple, did not unfold quite so early in the spring; and their fruits generally exceeded, very considerably

in size those which were produced by the trees which derived their existence from the seeds of the Siberian crab. There was also a prevalence of the character of the female parent in the form of the fruit, but the same degree of prevalence did not extend to the quality and flavour of the fruit; for the richest apple that I have ever seen, and which afforded expressed juice of much higher specific gravity than any other, sprang from a seed of yellow Siberian crab.'

Mr. Knight concludes from this, and other analogous facts that seedling plants, when propagated from male and female parents of distinct characters and permanent habits generally inherit much more of the character of the female than of the male parent. In some respects this remark is applicable to animals. In this opinion Mr. Knight differs from Linnæus, and other more modern naturalists.

Mr. Cline has observed that the dimensions of the foetus, at the birth are regulated much more by the size of the female than of the male parent. In this Mr. Knight concurs with the remarks of the anatomist, but he disagrees as to his inference respecting the advantage of propagating from large in preference to small females. Nature, he observes, has given to the offspring of many animals the power at an early age to accompany their parents in flight; in such animals the legs are very nearly of the same length at the birth as when they have attained their full growth. But their growth is regulated by a different law: males, which at their birth, had their legs nearly as long as those of their mother mares, when examined at five years old, were found, in the depth of their chests and shoulders, to exceed very little their male parent. They were therefore very ill formed, and consequently worthless; whilst other mules from the same male parent, (a Spanish ass) but from mares of small stature, were perfectly well proportioned.

XXIV. *On the Effect of westerly Winds in raising the Level of the British Channel. In a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. F. R. S.*

Mr. Rennel, in his '*Observations on a current that often prevails to the westward of Scilly,*' slightly mentioned the effect of strong westerly winds in raising the level of the British Channel; in consequence the waters escaping through the strait of Dover, into the North Sea, must form a current through the strait, and drive ships to the Northward. The loss of the *Britannia*, East India ship, Mr. R. ascribes to this current. She sailed from her anchorage between Dover and

the South Foreland towards Portsmouth; strong gales between the west and south-west arose; from the thick weather the pilot was left entirely to his reckoning and the lead; and when it was concluded that the ship was clear of the Goodwin, she struck on the north-eastern extremity of the southernmost of those sands. The ship then must have drifted to the north, which Mr. Rennel ascribes with great probability to the current.

Mr. Rennel mentions other facts in confirmation of his opinion, which we apprehend to be founded in truth.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*Constance de Castile ; a Poem, in ten Cantos.*
By William Sotheby, Esq. 4to. pp. 191. Cadell, 1810.

THE heroine of this poem is the daughter of Peter the Cruel, king of Castile, who by her marriage with John of Gaunt, conveyed to the house of Lancaster, the honourable, but barren portion of a royal title. History, which records with scrupulous minuteness the births, the marriages, and the deaths, of princes, has left us hardly any further memorial of this Spanish heiress; and it is this churlish silence which Mr. Sotheby, out of pure courtesy, has set himself to supply. To say the truth, however, he has not put his invention to any great stretch to furnish materials. It was easy enough to convert her future spouse into a chivalrous lover, and not very difficult to summon a believer in 'termagaunt,' just to act the part of an unsuccessful rival, and perish by the champion's sword. All the rest is plain sailing; and whether the story be told in the form of simple narrative, or eked out by the hackneyed methods of dream and prophecy, the slumbers of the reader are at no time disagreeably interrupted by those unlucky starts of imagination, or uncivil bursts of genius which we are apt to expect (but often, surely, without sufficient reason) from a poet.

The bugbear nickname with which a successful usurper branded the memory of Don Pedro, has not prevented modern historians from doing justice to the virtues, and making all reasonable allowance for the crimes of a prince, whom the mirror of English chivalry esteemed worthy the aid of his honourable sword. True to the voice of history, Mr. Sotheby has represented him as equally brave and unfortunate, but secretly afflicted with unceasing remorse for the base murder of his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, whom he is believed

to have poisoned on suspicion of adultery. His prior attachment for Maria de Padilla, and elevation of her to the crown of Castile soon after the death of his queen, leave but too much reason to imagine that, although Blanche may not have died innocent, yet, that a motive more dishonourable than that of jealousy concurred, at least, in driving him to the commission of that atrocious act of wickedness. Constance was the fruit of his marriage with Maria, who died herself during her daughter's infancy.

Mariana relates that soon after the death of Blanche, Don Pedro was hunting in the forests of Medina Sidonia, when he was met by a shepherd of terrible aspect, who threatened him. Of this story Mr. S. has taken advantage ; but he has added to it a piece of horror, which (as instances of invention are so extremely rare) we shall mention, though we think it might as well have been omitted. We will give it in the poor king's own words, used by him when confessing the crimes of his former life to the Black Prince, previous to imploring his assistance against the usurper ; a confession of which we do not exactly comprehend the utility at that moment, except that it was a *convenient* mode for Mr. S. to make his readers acquainted with circumstances passed prior to the commencement of the poem.

' As mid Sidonia's wood my way
Through a dark glen's deep covert lay,
A form surpassing human height
Terrific ! tow'rd before my sight ;
And loud and awful as the roar
Of ocean bursting on the shore.
Murderer ;—exclaim'd—' in mercy sent,
I warn of woe to come—repent !
Deem not, like shadows of the night
I pass, and vanish from the sight :
The belt that hapless Bourbon wove,
Present and pledge of nuptial love,
Shall, yearly, on the fatal day,
What time her spirit past away,
Harass thy soul with sights unholy,
And fill with wild'ring melancholy.
Lo ! at my touch, 'tis stain'd with gore,
No power its lustre shall restore,
Nor act, nor force of mortal hand
Unclasp th' inextricable band :
Till deep remorse mourn Bourbon slain,
And contrite tears efface the stain.' p. 139—140.

Now, as Blanche's death was effected by poison, not by assassination, we think that some token of remembrance

might have been found (especially by a supernatural agent) more appropriate than that of a *bloody* girdle.

To proceed—the cruelty of Don Pedro, (say his enemies) his severe administration of justice, (according to his advocates) excited against him so universal a spirit of discontent throughout his dominions, as in the end enabled his natural brother Henry, count of Trastamara, to wrest the sceptre from his hands. Corunna alone held out against the usurper's forces at the time when the action of the poem commences. Peter had been absent for a year and a day, (the time is very accurately measured) seeking assistance at the court of Lisbon; and his return to his afflicted but loyal city, is preceded by a tempest, which leading to no result, was only introduced for the sake of some picturesque stanzas.

' It was a boisterous night,
And bitterly the blast o'er ocean howl'd;
No kind star lent its light
As on the world of waters darkness scowl'd;
Save whereon bold Corunna's height,
From the lone tow'r that crown'd the steep,
Glanc'd a swift gleam along the deep,
Flash'd to and fro by fits, and seem'd to mock the sight.

' It was a fearful hour,
No voice but of the winds and waters heard,
Or the shrill wailing of the storm-tost bird;
And in the lulling interval,
The momentary slumber of the gale,
At due time from the sea-girt tow'r:
The still ear caught the measur'd sound
Of one who lonely pac'd, and told to-night his round.'

p. 7—8.

Scarcely is he landed, before, (remembering, perhaps, that the hour of the bloody belt is coming) he goes down into a cave to visit the tomb of Maria de Padilla, though, why the nation should have been put to the expence of conveying the corpse of that lady all across Spain from Seville (where she died) to Corunna, (where, at the time, there could have been no prospect of the king's ever being forced to reside) for interment, is another of those crabbed questions which now and then force themselves uncalled upon the inquisitive reader. It is lucky for Mr. S. however, that such was, or might have been the case; since the first canto of his poem, could not otherwise have been written. Peter is terrified by certain spectres which appear to him at this tomb, to such a degree, that he draws his sword with intent to put an end to his days, when another very fortunate event takes place. His daughter

Constance comes into the sepulchre by chance, in the very nick of time to hold his hand, and drive away the blue devils.

Meanwhile famine makes such rapid strides in the town of Corunna, that it is impossible to say what might have ensued, if one Almanzor, a Moorish king, who had formerly fallen in love with Constance at a tournament, had not come with a fleet into the harbour, where he offers his assistance to supply the town only on condition that Constance becomes his wife. Don Pedro stipulates for *a year and a day*, during which time, if no Christian prince shall restore him to his crown, and claim his daughter for a reward, Almanzor is to have her at the expiration of it.

Another fictitious personage is now introduced. Julian, a page, whose secret history is that he was the fruit of an illicit commerce between Eleanor, the sister of Maria de Padilla, and a Spanish knight, and was committed by his mother on her death-bed to the care of the queen. He was in consequence brought up together with Constance, for whom he ever retained the love of a brother, refined to all the enthusiasm of chivalrous Platonism. On this occasion, he leaves Corunna privately, and hastens to the court of the Black Prince at Bourdeaux, where, at a public festival, he humbles himself before all the English and Gascon lords assembled, and implores their assistance for the relief of his beloved mistress. The gallantry of John of Gaunt decides the doubts and hesitation of his more prudent brother, and instantly vows himself the devoted and enamoured champion of the unfortunate princess. Preparations are made for embarking a large force to the relief of Corunna, and Julian hastens back to report his success.

Adverse winds, however, prevent the sailing of the expedition—Corunna, hard pressed, is on the point of submitting to the usurper. The year and a day is nearly come round for the promised sacrifice to Almanzor, and nothing is left for the king and his daughter but to throw themselves on the protection of the court of Bourdeaux. Accordingly they leave the besieged town with a small escort, and make good their passage to the Garonne. In full assembly of the English nobles, Don Pedro makes confession before the Black Prince of his ancient misdemeanours, but claims his protection for his misfortunes. John of Gaunt enthusiastically renews his vows of allegiance to the empress of his soul, and is just about to remove the veil which (by her agreement with Almanzor) she was bound to wear during the year of probation; when Almanzor suddenly discovers himself in the person of an

unknown knight who had followed them from Corunna, A challenge is instantly given and accepted. Almanzor is slain in due form, and Lancaster in due form declared conqueror, both of the Moor and of the lady. At last an army is collected, and the march begins in military pomp, a catalogue being first very fairly written out, both of the knights who composed the cavalcade, and of those on the side of the usurper, against whom they were about to act.

‘ From Aquitaine’s heroic throne,
A voice rekindling war is gone,
Gaul, and du Guesclin, Edward braving,
Their banners in defiance waving,
Exultant on Castilia’s coast,
Gather their numbers, host on host.

‘ There the liege-lords of Arragon,
Circled with many a war-train’d son,
St. Venant, there, his flag displaying,
De Bergette’s, here, his strength arraying ;
Le Begue de Villiers arms this train,
That, headed by the stern Villaine,
There, Ferrand, Gauvain de Baillueil
And chiefs of Hainault’s ancient rule,
Lord d’Antoign, and the brave Brisueil :
These the usurper’s force sustain,
Edward upholds the throne of Spain.

‘ At Edward’s voice, at glory’s call,
The barons from their banner’d hall,
Seize the triumphant spear and shield,
And fearless seek the unequal field.
Never, ere yet the battle bled,
Reck’d England’s host by Edward led ;
What numbers dar’d their chief oppose,
They sought but to confront their foes :
Nor deign’d to count, till mercy staid
The havoc of his slaughtering blade,
And conquest pointing to the slain,
Bade pity ransom half the plain.

‘ Fair beams on Bourdeaux’ tow’rs the day,
That marshals Edward’s mail’d array ;
High Chandos leads the steel-clad train,
The lords of Partnay and Pinane :
Quercy, Rochelle, and bold Bigorre,
And Saintonge’s war-resounding shore,

‘ For Castile arm’d, Majorca’s king,
Knowles, and high Armagnac renown’d,
And Albert proud their battle bring ;
De Buch in perils foremost found ;

Neville, whose valour from Auray,
Bore many a blood stain'd spoil away :
Fierce Calverley, whose dauntless train
Triumph'd when Charles de Blois was slain ;
D'Ambreticourt has seized the lance,
Bohun and Chateaillerau advance ;
Causton, and Roche-chonart poise the spear,
And Clayton calls on Boutelleire.' 155—157.

We should have supposed this catalogue to be rather unnecessary, as it certainly is very unpoetical ; since not one of the worthies mentioned in it has his name repeated once throughout the poem ; but we believe it is according to the fashion of this sort of poetry ; and so no more can be said. The description of the march is, however, picturesque ; and, upon the whole, as favourable a passage as any in the poem for selection.

' The banners wave, the signal's giv'n,
Wide clangour rends the vault of heaven.

' From Bourdeaux' tow'rs the long array,
Swell on wards through the crowded way,
And shouts of joy, and sighs of woe
Pursue the warriors winding slow.

' Along the realm of Gascony
Passes the flow'r of chivalry ;
'Mid champaigns, o'er whose fertile bed,
Free streams, and winding waters spread :
And from their mountain cradle pour,
On earth's green lap their gather'd store ;
Plains—where the pipe of evening leads,
Fair flocks amid luxuriant meads :
Where autumn carols as the swain,
Shakes from full sheaves the golden grain,
And sees down each sun-purpled brow,
Oil, and the jocund vintage flow.

' Now the green vales are left behind ;
Slowly the length'ning battles wind,
Through glens, where wolves at random prowl,
And bay the moon with ceaseless howl.
More slow the toilsome march ascends,
Where the bold mountain range extends,
Where eagles in their aerie rest
On the top cliff's ice-mantled crest ;
And famine on her bleak domain,
Frowns o'er the rocks that barrier Spain.
The minstrels lead the host along,
And cheer the march with harp and song.'

Here the leaders of the van are suddenly interrupted on their march by an old hermit, who tells them they are upon Roncesvalles, and withal relates to them the deeds of prowess and the death of the fabled Roland. Then all at once he assumes the tone of prophecy, and, to save the poet the trouble of writing, and the reader that of yawning over any longer narrative, informs the Black Prince and his comrades, (in strains which might have been original had Gray never composed his bard, and Milton never written the speech of Satan to his fallen associates) that they are going to win the battle of Najara, and that the gallant duke of Lancaster will thereupon be rewarded with the hand of Constance.

Thus ends a poem, of which the dully respectable uniformity is neither outraged by any glaring faults, nor relieved by any remarkable beauties. We are sensibly mortified at finding ourselves obliged to pronounce this cold and damning censure of an author who was capable of transfusing the wild and glowing fancies of Wieland into his native language, with so much vigour of expression and harmony of versification, that his *Oberon* stands, in our opinion, unrivalled among the romantic poems of the age. That, indeed, was only a translation, and therefore incapable of affording any evidence as to the powers of invention which its author might possess—but the grace of language in which he clothed it was his own; and it is utterly inconceivable to us how one whose taste has been habituated to the charms of that full melodious stanza, can ever have been seduced to exchange it for the trumpery patchwork of fashionable verse-making:

‘—————Ha! hadst thou eyes?
 Couldst thou on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And fatten on that moor?—————’

ART. III.—*On National Government.* By George Ensor,
Esq.

(Continued from p. 198.)

MR. ENSOR contends that ‘want of property should not prevent any one from enjoying the elective franchise.’ ‘Want of property,’ says the author, ‘is an excellent reason why individuals should not contribute, but none why citizens should be disfranchised.’ He adds, that want of property is no proof of wanting industry, talents, or virtue. This we may allow; but will Mr. Ensor deny that where want of property does not

entirely exclude the possibility, it certainly abridges the opportunities, and narrows the means of education, even in this country, where gratuitous instruction is so prevalent? And is not a certain degree of knowledge requisite in those who are to judge between the claims of rival candidates, and to appreciate the qualifications of legislators? Poverty does not certainly render a man reprobate; but it must almost necessarily subject the individual to the will of others. The poor must depend for their support upon the rich. To give the elective franchise, therefore, indiscriminately to all individuals, without any regard to the qualification of property, would be only to throw a more than due proportion of political weight into the scale of wealth. Where the elective franchise is made subordinate to the possession of a certain *quantum* of property, it must operate as an incentive to the acquisition; and consequently to the practice of frugality and diligence in the poor. But the pecuniary qualification should not be raised too high, lest it should cause despondency rather than hope, and relax the exertion to attain the dignity of elector, by the hopelessness of success.

There is a great deal of good and pertinent observation contained under the title 'Religion no Cause for obstructing Men in the Enjoyment of Civil Rights.' Take a specimen.

'To make religious opinions direct social rights seems the greatest solecism; yet this miserable practice has not only been common to many countries, where a predominating clergy has been established, but Christians have exceeded all other religions in the ghostly causes of civil exclusion. I do not recollect, that all the sects of the Jews were disfranchised except one; or that of the seventy-two Mahometan sects one only is entitled to serve the sultan.

'I do not say, that men's opinions are indifferent: they are of great importance to the individuals themselves. Nor do I say, that professed opinions are indifferent to others; whether those avowed opinions be religious or not. But religious opinions are not important to the state because they are religious. Without reference to civil affairs they are politically nothing. Religious opinions, it is true, may regard the laws and customs, which connect society, and secure the independence of the state. In such cases they may deserve political consideration. To explain. The quakers, who are or have been fanatics in many respects, consider it a religious injunction to submit to the enemy sooner than arm in the defence of themselves and their fellow-citizens. This is sufficiently absurd, without adverting to its baseness. Suppose that there were a call on all citizens, in consequence of approaching danger, and that the quakers, for instance, should make it a point of conscience not to enrol their names

and complete the levies. I think they who hazarded their lives might fairly reply to those quakers, who sought civil benefits afterward: No; as your conscience prevented you from fighting to secure those benefits, our conscience prevents us from admitting you to participate in their enjoyment; nor should you expect to derive political consequence in that state, the independence of which you abandoned. I also believe, that any state, which disclaimed the pope's authority, might have fairly limited the civil rights of the catholics, *when the pope pretended to exercise civil power over all catholics, and when the catholics acquiesced in his pretensions.*

'Is it conceivable, that tests and creeds essentially serve any person or purpose except the selfishness of the clergy? What have they to do with justice, with humanity, or even with particular religions? If Christianity be good, and a belief in it be necessary to salvation, a man's avowal that he is a Christian should seem to be sufficient. By no means. To believe in Christianity is nothing: you must believe with the pope in catholic countries, with a protestant king in this, with a presbytery in a third, and with the *conference*, should methodism ever become the religious establishment of any nation.

'The whole series of creeds and tests are the calamitous and paltry contrivances of the clergy. What have speculative points in religion to do with political society? What has the belief or disbelief of this or that point of doctrine to do with the rights of man to vote at county meetings, or to represent the nation in parliament, or to direct its military force or its civil establishment? But the protestants are not to be trusted, says the catholic in one country: the catholics are not to be trusted, the protestants retort in another. What! you assault one another in your respective countries, and you wonder at each other's resistance and enmity. You exclude them, and you wonder that they are separatists: you treat them with suspicion, and you wonder that they are reserved. It is not merely that this sect is militant in one county and triumphant in another, and thus in different countries that sects are mutually oppressing and oppressed: the same country shall be cursed with the alternate violence of those clerical factions, and the persecuted in their turn shall be persecutors. We read with pity and vexation, that in the twelfth century some persons in England, for not believing in Purgatory, or the efficacy of invocation of saints and prayers for the dead, were destroyed. All this has been altered: and to believe in them now causes a negative, as not to believe in them formerly caused a positive, persecution. We talk of the dark ages; talk rather of the darkest and the dark, and unfortunately in our days the gloom seems rather to thicken than to disperse. In England, about half a century ago, a bill was brought into parliament to relieve the Jews. The measure ultimately failed. Among other arguments against this humane

and politic measure: it was said, that, if passed, it would affect the prophecies: and thus, says Barrington, an ancient statute, that gave one half of a Jew's substance to good Christians, yet admitted them to purchase a house and curtilage, which an enlightened parliament some years ago would not permit. This was a retrograde movement; and so little is the present generation disposed to relieve the Jews, that they seem determined to relieve neither catholics nor dissenters. How does it happen, that the boasted English are behind the slow-moving Germans? Is it the people or the government of either country, that is criminal? I do not decide. But late events are even less creditable to the highest officer of the state, than to his immediate dependents, while the liberality of the German laws belongs preeminently to the emperors. Joseph the Second passed an edict of toleration in favour of the Jews, which was among the few of that ardent philanthropist's regulations, preserved by his brother Leopold. This edict his successor not only retained but enlarged. It was passed in 1781; and it declared "that all Christians of every denomination were equally citizens, and capable of holding all charges and offices in every department of the state." After this conduct of the sovereigns of Germany, let us blush for other sovereigns, who seem to have been actuated by the sentiments of Philip of Spain. This monarch, when his Belgic subjects remonstrated on those edicts, which lost him their country, replied, "that he would rather not govern at all, than reign over heretics." Such was the opinion of Philip the Second, a worthy partner of Mary of England—England, which has been as much distressed by bigoted sovereigns as any nation in Europe.

Mr. Ensor, though he denies any intellectual disparity between men and women, very wisely excludes the latter, either as electors or representatives, from the government which he has theoretically described. Our author next excludes persons under age, from the functions either of electors or representatives. Some of his remarks on this subject deserve serious attention. Taking the great average of instances, we do not think that individuals can be qualified, either by learning or discretion, for the office of legislators at twenty-one. There may be persons of very early precocity of talent, sagacity, and judgment before that age; but such exceptions to the common standard of intellectual growth are not sufficiently numerous to justify the violation of a general rule. All laws ought to be so constituted as to regard the general good of society; and that general good is not compatible with the admission of boys to the functions of legislators. Mr. Pitt was an instance of premature talents. In very early life he exhibited the attainments of more mature age; but, would

the country have received any detriment if Mr. Pitt had not been permitted to take his seat in the house of commons till he was twenty-five, or to exercise the office of prime-minister till he was thirty years old? In speaking of a suitable age for the electors and the representatives of a state, Mr. Ensor says,

‘I would have a person to be of age for all private purposes at twenty-one; but to vote in the tithing he should be twenty-two, in the hundred twenty-three, for a representative to the legislature twenty-four, and to vote in the legislature, that is to be a representative of the nation, he should be full twenty-five years old.’

Mr. Ensor next excludes foreigners from the number of his electors or representatives; and lastly, the vicious and improvident. Our author, after stating and exemplifying the different modes of appointing representatives to the legislature by ballot, by lot, by succession or rotation, and by open suffrage, declares his unreserved preference of *open suffrage*.

‘It distinguishes,’ says he, ‘the elector, it is an avowed judgment on the characters of the candidates, it manifests the confidence of the people in their own virtue, and assures the stability of the state.’

Our political theorist is not in favour of a single legislative assembly. He says that the legislature should consist of two distinct bodies differently composed. Such an arrangement he considers as conducive to the stability of the government, and to a temperate and consistent policy. Mr. Ensor then proposes to add a senate to his house of representatives. He seems willing to fix the senatorial age at thirty-five. ‘At this age,’ says he, ‘man has not lost the freshness of youth, and he enjoys the vigour of manhood with the experience of many years.’ He adds, that the senate should not contain more than one half, nor less than one-fifth, of the number of the representative assembly. Our author suggests that after the original constitution of the senate, the vacancies in that body should be supplied by members ‘of longest standing in the representative assembly who had attained the senatorial age of thirty-five years.’

In this Utopian commonwealth, Mr. E. says that

‘one-third of the numbers of the representative assembly should go out annually by rotation. Hence, except in the first and second years of the constitution, each representative would be elected for three years.’

But he adds, and so far wisely, that the representatives who vacated their seats, might be reelected without any limitation ; for no nation should be precluded ' from profiting by the service of its most experienced citizens.' Our author, however, seems himself, in some measure, to have committed this mistake, when he says that none of his senators should retain their office after sixty years of age. In individuals, where the life has been regular and the constitution has not been impaired by vicious habits, the decay of the faculties is not sensibly perceived till several years after the period to which our theorist limits the province of a senator. The author, indeed, afterwards mentions, ' a council of ancients,' to which the superannuated members of the senate might be eligible.

Mr. Ensor passes the following encomium on the construction of his legislative and senatorial edifice :

' Their arrangement is extremely simple, and the succession of their parts is so circumstanced, that a wholesome and regulated infusion of vital energy is preserved. The change is neither so quick, nor so entire, as to endanger the fabric of the state, or to derange the tenour of its policy. It equally preserves the public counsels from that morbid stagnation, which causes the worst pestilence, and from those unpremeditated excesses, which like mountain torrents on the instant overwhelm all things. Hence, it appears, that I do not propose annual parliaments with Nevil, or triennial or septennial parliaments with others ; and that I am also most hostile to Locke's assertion, " that it is not necessary, no, nor so much as convenient, that the legislature should be always in being." The contrary is my decided opinion. It is found convenient to fancy, that the king always lives : then why should it be beneficial, that the legislature should occasionally die ? Yet such is the constitution of England, that the state is frequently without a parliament, when it is dissolved by proclamation, or by the king's decease, or by the completion of its legal existence. Suppose the king were slain in an insurrection, and the heir in the hands of the insurgents. The state remains without any ruling power. Suppose another king follows the example of James the Second. What is to be done ? There are no interreges in England as at Rome. The legislature is entranced, and the enchanter is fled. It serves the public good, and therefore it is right, that the people should review the conduct of their representatives, withdrawing their confidence from the undeserving, or repeating their approbation of the meritorious : but that the state should occasionally be left without a legislature, either by the rules of the constitution, or from the caprice of a magistrate, is a miracle reserved for the admiration of modern times.'

In discussing the prerogatives of legislators, our author

does not think it wise nor just that the legislature should form a sanctuary for profligates and prodigals, 'where none but the purest and most independent characters should be admitted.' But Mr. E. would not proceed to the length of some of our modern reformers in excluding ministers from the legislature, or in preventing members of the representative assembly from becoming ministers of state.

Mr. E. thinks that the ancient practice should be revived of giving a salary to legislators, and that this salary should be paid from the funds of the county.

'In Edward the Third's reign, members of shires had four shillings, and members for boroughs two shillings a day; and it is said that Andrew Marvel was the last who received his allowance from his constituents.'

The late hours at which parliament at present meets, are forcibly reprobated by our author.

'The national business,' says he, 'cannot be so quickly expedited by beginning at five in the evening as if it commenced at eight in the morning; so that the convenience of many country gentlemen, who are obliged to separate from their families, or bring them to London at a great expence, is sacrificed to a few professional men who live in the city. Is it not unjust, in order that a merchant may attend 'Change and his counting-house, and a lawyer pursue his trade in the courts of Westminster Hall, that representatives to parliament, whose mansions are in the country, must abandon their houses, families, and affairs, for a much greater length of time than the national business requires? On this partial view alone, the custom should be reformed. But consider it in other respects. When a debate of importance occurs, which is frequent, it continues till morning. This is so destructive to health, that no conscientious man of an infirm temperament, who regards his life, dare encounter a parliamentary campaign. What effect must this late beginning have on the debates and the resolutions of the legislature? Is it conceivable, that those men, for whose convenience this preposterous beginning is appointed, after having been jaded all day in pleading causes or settling accounts, can be prepared for this succeeding business, which shall continue during the evening and through the night? What effects must this have on the most robust frame, and on those men the most disengaged from all extensive business? Such watching must impair their vigour, such retarded and unseasonable hours must dissipate their attention. I am happy to say, that this perverse practice is contrary to the ancient habits of the British legislature. Clarendon writes, that parliament always met at eight in the morning: by this means the members commenced their business with clear apprehensions

and unembarrassed memories; then the health of all and the interests of many were not injured to gratify a few; nor were the affairs of the nation, which interested all individually and collectively, postponed for affairs not merely subordinate, but comparatively of no account: for can the accommodation of a few professional men be at all compared with the imperial concerns of the nation?

Our author next makes some sensible remarks concerning the passing and abrogation of ordinary and of extraordinary laws, illustrated, as usual, by facts in ancient and modern history. In this part of his work, Mr. Ensor animadverts with considerable severity on the English parliament, which in 1716, prolonged its duration for seven, though it had been elected for three years. By the sixth of William and Mary, the period of the legislature was fixed at three years. This was a great constitutional act, and no circumstances could justify the perpetual repeal. Circumstances have arisen, which have seemed to justify the *suspension* of the Habeas Corpus; but what epithet should we affix to a parliament, which should for ever *abolish* the Habeas Corpus? If there were circumstances, which in 1716 rendered it dangerous in the then unsettled state of the executive government, to agitate the country by the tumult of a popular election, ought the repeal of the triennial act to have been *perpetual*? Ought it to have been more than temporary? Besides, does it not on every ground seem a monstrous usurpation, and an outrage on all right and even decency, that those who were chosen by the people for three years, should choose themselves for seven?

Mr. Ensor, in his political fabric proposes to exclude the executive power from any authority in enacting the laws; but he is not an advocate for dividing the executive power; and he has ably shown the evils of a divided executive. Our author next states at length his objections to an hereditary executive.

‘It is said,’ says Mr. Ensor, ‘that in hereditary monarchies there are fewer tumults and disturbances, than where kings are elective. Then why are members elected to parliament? Why do not the members of the house of commons, like those of the lords, beget popular representatives? Were this the case, no tumult would be raised in York, or Westminster, or Middlesex, and the ministry could purchase their majority in parliament at much less expence to the exchequer than at present. Suppose that an elective crown may be attended with more popular commotions. What was the reply of a generous Polisher, recorded in the Life of Sobieski, to a similar remark? “I prefer

a state of dangerous freedom to any state of slavery." And who would not, that loves life? There is no commotion in the grave. Suppose that there may be more tranquillity where the executive is hereditary, than where it is elective: I never meant to say, that any wretched system had not a single advantage. War in Europe tended to enfranchise many slaves. The wars of England, for the recovery of the French provinces, so involved the crown in debt and distress, that this has been supposed to have assisted the liberties of the people. The violence of Athens to Orontium introduced Grecian literature by the means of Carneades into Rome. The knowledge of many countries has been improved by missionaries to propagate a superstition: monkish institutions have relieved some, who merited charity; and the worst acts of the worst men have done some good;—for Verres fell among the proscriptions of the triumvirate. What then? War, and conquests, and religious quixotism, and massacres, are not good; nor is an hereditary monarchy to be preferred to an elective one, because the nation is not invited to choose the most deserving, but submits supinely perhaps to the unworthiest—for in hereditary governments it often happens, that the first in rank is the last in merit.

It is impossible to say what might happen in an untried system; but the experience of mankind seems forcibly to militate against an elective sovereign. We might, perhaps, suppose a sovereignty so shorn of its brightest beams of honour and of patronage, as to be hardly an object of desire, and the election of a chief magistrate to take place with as little tumult as that of a common constable. But would a sovereign so constituted, possess sufficient authority and respect, to perform the several functions of his high office with general advantage? Mr. Ensor, though he proposes to deprive the sovereign, or administrator, as he calls him, of his visionary republic, of several prerogatives which have been often esteemed as the brightest jewels in the crown of kingly office, as the power of conferring titles of honour, of nominating judges, of pardoning convicted criminals, of presiding over the church, of exercising an absolute command over the military force, and, above all, of possessing the prerogative of making peace or war; yet he still proposes to leave him a sufficient portion of patronage and power to make the office an object of eager and ambitious competition. Now, while the passions of men remain as they are, can a periodical competition for the highest office often recur without producing civil broils? Will it not cause the most dangerous intrigues and factions in the state? Will the unsuccessful candidates for the office patiently acquiesce in their loss of an object which must have excited their most ardent hopes? Will the suc-

cessful candidate who is thus raised above his peers, cease to be an object of envy, and consequently of rancorous malignity? Is it wise thus to stimulate the feverish ambition of every enterprising and turbulent adventurer in the state?

An hereditary chief magistrate, after the first generation, ceases to be an object of envy. Contemporaries and equals, even superiors in point of ability or virtue, cease to feel depressed by his elevation; and men cheerfully acquiesce in an institution, by which no individual is aggrieved, and the public peace is preserved. The highest office in the state seems too great a temptation to offer at short intervals to the aspiring hopes of factious individuals.

The mode, indeed, which Mr. Ensor has suggested for the election of his administrator or chief magistrate, seems to be better devised, in order to prevent popular tumult and turbulent competition than any contrivance in the republics of ancient or modern date. We shall quote what he says on this subject, which will, we think, prove that Mr. Ensor is a more sagacious political architect than the Abbé Syeyes, or any of constitution-builders of the French.

'First,' says he, 'let me observe, that the mode of nominating this magistrate at the commencement of the constitution must differ from the practice, which should be adopted afterward on the same occasion, when the laws had begun universally to operate. At the beginning, let the senate choose two persons, either for themselves or the representative assembly, forty years old: let the representative assembly do the same: let the senate name one of the two chosen by the representative assembly, and the representative assembly name one of the two chosen by the senate: and let the elder of the two be administrator, the other his assessor.—Thus I would arrange the appointment of the chief magistracy at the origin of the government. I would have it continued as follows:—Let all those senators, who have completed their fortieth year, the day that the administrator or assessor has completed his term by age, or by the duration of his official appointment, or by death, give in their names to the representative assembly. Let the representative assembly ballot for three persons: let the three who have a majority of votes be returned to the senate: let the senate (the three of their body named by the representative assembly on this occasion being excluded) choose two of the three by ballot: then let the two chosen by the senate be transmitted to the ancients—a council on which I shall hereafter enlarge—and let these by ballot choose one of the two, who is to be the assessor of the administrator. For it is to be observed, that I mean the administrator should reach his office through this subordinate situation, and that, the administrator dying, the assessor should of course become administrator of the nation.

' By this the advocates for hereditary power are rendered destitute of every sophism to support their cause. The election to the chief power is so effected, that in fact it is a reversionary grant. The assessor holds the same situation exactly as the tannist among the Britons, the elding among the Welsh, the heir apparent in the existing monarchy of England. In this constitution there are no minorities, no regencies; which have been found so intolerable, that Charles decreed the heir to the crown should be of age at fourteen, though prior to 1374, not less than twenty years completed the French king's majority. Nor does the constitution recognize a royal education, which is fatal to minor kings, as it was to Henry the Third, to Richard the Second, to Henry the Sixth; and which is most pernicious to all kings and princes. There is no predestination to empire, which inflames many bad passions, and generates the worst; no interregnums; no disputed successions attended with civil wars, which for centuries desolate the land, and which like volcanoes, after years of apparent extinction, burst forth with increased violence. Nor does this constitution admit of boys being raised to empire, or dastards continued in its exercise. On the contrary, the administrator must be forty years of age, and cannot exceed the age of sixty. He has in effect been nominated by the people, as the senate is recruited by the most popular and experienced members of the representative assembly. He is also authorized by the senate, and confirmed by the council of ancients in his appointment to his great office. His education has been popular, his reputation excellent, his knowledge considerable, and his talents exercised. Should any doubt arise concerning his election, which is difficult to imagine, the right can be investigated at leisure, for this cannot retard, or precipitate, or derange the government or the legislature. The legislature is in full force, and the question to be decided is not who shall be administrator, but who shall succeed him who at present administers the government of the nation.'

We should have premised that, in the system of Mr. Ensor, the chief magistrate is not to continue in office more than ten years; that he is not to be chosen till he has attained the age of forty, and to resign whenever he may have been elected, after he has passed his sixtieth year. Our author proposes to establish other councils besides the privy council of the administrator, which is to consist of his ministers. He would establish a council *for education*, for agriculture, for trade and manufactures, for morals and police, for *finance and economy*, for *military affairs*, for the *arts and sciences*, and *literature*. These councils he designs in order to supply the administrator and his ministers with the general information which they may want on those subjects with which it is the business of these councils to be most conversant.

We have next to mention the council of ancients, which is to form an appendage of some moment to the political fabric of Mr. Ensor. He suggests that the business of this council should be censorial, and reach every individual and authority in the state, not by the infliction of pains and penalties, but by advice and remonstrance; that the members should be consulted previous to the undertaking of any war, and that if the administrator or chief magistrate should be impeached, their consent should be necessary to enable the representative body to put him on his trial. We have now only to add that Mr. Ensor does not, any more than Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*, admit an established church, in his theory of a perfect government. Mr. E. appears to be a devout and virtuous theist; and it does not become us to sit in judgment on the deviations of his speculative faith from the prevailing creed. 'I should not even speak of God,' says he, 'unless my silence might be construed into indifference or disbelief; or if others had not attached their own crude and blasphemous notions to his name.' He supposes the soul to be a highly refined substance, and that it is immortal.

'That there is a God, universal, infinite and unchanged, who rules the moral and physical world, is unquestionable; that the soul is immortal, I think is a reasonable inference.'

We do not in any degree acquiesce in the objections which Mr. Ensor urges against 'petitionary addresses to God.' We do not indeed think that the prayer of supplication teaches God what he did not know before, nor makes him better acquainted with our wants than he would otherwise have been; but still it tends forcibly to impress on our minds the idea of our absolute dependence on him, and with the necessity even from calculations of interest of conforming our will to his, or to those laws by which he has connected internal complacency and the purest enjoyment with a good life. If the prayer of supplication tend to the *moral* benefit of the person, it must, in an enlarged view of the subject tend to the increase of his temporal interest, and thus either to the attainment of the object by which it was primarily excited, or some other of greater value and importance. But though Mr. Ensor objects to 'petitionary addresses to God,' yet it gave us great pleasure to find him expressing his fervid and eloquent assent to the duty of thanksgiving.

'This assumes nothing, it presumes to nothing, except a grateful heart. It becomes all men, in all places. Such incense as flowers shed at the morning dawn to the luminary of the day,

are transports of gratitude from man to Nature's Lord. Such addresses may intimately serve mankind: they tend to assuage the evils that occur, by disposing the mind to interpret all things favourably. They increase and heighten the gifts of fortune; and, humanly speaking, they please God, who rejoices at the happiness of his creatures.

'But the greatest advantage to be derived from thanksgiving is when it is public and social: many and admirable benefits are also obtained by society, from people of various ages assembling in a cheerful, orderly manner, independent of the benevolence and humanity, that this peculiar occasion must inspire. Citizens reciprocate civilities, they communicate their domestic concerns, and their opinions of public affairs. In these assemblies their minds are quickened, their manners polished, and their morals by an unostentatious censorship corrected and improved.'

Our author is an advocate for the Jewish and Christian practice of setting apart one day in seven as a day of respite from toil. And he thinks that this day 'the thanksgiving being ended, the portion of the law read and the advice delivered,' should be devoted to innocent or instructive pleasure. The rigorous mode of keeping the sabbath, which is so much extolled by a particular class of religionists, did not grow into repute till some time after the Reformation; as may be known by king James's book of sports, which was intended to render Sunday a cheerful festival, rather than a day of hypocritical gloom.

We shall now conclude our notice of this work. Mr. Ensor appears to be a political writer of no ordinary attainments. He has travelled much; he has read much, and he has thought much, on what he has seen and read. Almost every page of his book will bear ample testimony to the extent of his research, or the sagacity of his observation. His mind is well stored with facts of ancient and modern history, which he seems to command at will, in order to enforce and illustrate his positions. Hence he has produced a very instructive and very amusing work, independent of the truth or the falsehood, the excellence or the defects of the political theory which he wishes to establish. Whatever form of government any individual may prefer, he can hardly take up this work of Mr. Ensor without finding in it a rich feast of political information.

ART. IV.—*The Microcosm of London.* Ackerman, London, 1810, 3 vols. 4to

THIS is a very splendid work, and does honour to the enterprising spirit of the publisher. The plates which are coloured, and amount to one hundred and four, represent all the places of general curiosity and interest in the metropolis. The architectural part of the engravings, was delineated by Mr. Pugin, and the figures have been traced by the pencil of the ingenious Mr. Rowlandson. If we find any fault with these productions of this latter gentleman, it is, that he has evinced rather too strong a propensity to caricature. In large assemblages of people, such as are exhibited in places of public resort, we may indeed often expect to find some ludicrous groups, and some striking anomalies to the human face divine. An artist of Mr. Rowlandson's quick discrimination, was not likely to let these pass unnoticed; but still we fear that he has been occasionally rather more lavish than actual experience would admit in distorting the physiognomy and manner of his figures; and thus deviating from the strict rules of historical truth, which should be observed even in designs, which are intended to serve as a mirror of the times. The value of this work is not merely present nor ephemeral, but it is likely to increase in process of time, *as far as it contains a faithful delineation of the costume and modes of the present generation.*

The first of these magnificent volumes opens with an account of the Royal Academy. In this we find the following eulogy on the pictorial excellence of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

‘He was born heir to the manor of portrait-painting, the soil of which he has so improved, enriched, and fertilized, as to give this hitherto barren spot in the province of art, an importance it was never before thought capable of receiving. At the hour, he began to paint, he was the leader of his art; and, whatever improvements were made by his contemporaries, preserved that rank to the last year of his life. He was sometimes praised for excellences which he did not possess, and sometimes censured for errors, of which he was not guilty. To analyze his character fairly, it is necessary to consider the state of the arts when he began to paint; and to say a man was superior to the painters who immediately succeeded Hudson, is, with very few exceptions, saying little more than that he was a giant among pigmies. By his fondness for experiments in colours, he frequently used such as vanished before the originals they were designed to commemorate; and many of them the world need not lament. Every succeeding year of his life he improved; and that some of his

later pictures have been painted with colours that fled, every man of true taste will regret ; at the same time, that the mezzotintoes so frequently engraved from them, shew us in shadow, that *such things were*. He did not aim at giving a mere ground-plan of the countenance, but the markings of the mind, the workings of the soul, the leading features which distinguish man from man ; by which means he has represented real beings with all the ideal graces of fiction, and united character to individuality. Invention and originality have been said to be the leading excellences of a poet or a painter ; and the president has been accused of borrowing from the works of others. Let it be remembered that the merit does not lie in the originality of any single circumstance, but in the conduct and use of all the branches and particular beauties which enter into each composition. Such appropriation has a right to the praise of invention, and to such praise was Sir Joshua entitled. He frequently united the elegance of the French style with the chastity of the Roman ; he imitated the brilliant hues of Rembrandt ; he had the richness of colouring of Rubens, without his excess and tumult ; and by thus judiciously selecting and skilfully blending the colours of the various masters, he has formed a style wholly his own, to the merit of which other painters have separately about as high claim, as the mason who hewed the stones for Whitehall had to the honours due to Inigo Jones.

The subjects in these volumes are arranged in alphabetical order. In the first volume, after the account, and engravings of the Royal Academy, and the Exhibition, we have descriptions and delineations of the following places in the first volume :—the Admiralty ; Astley's Amphitheatre ; the Asylum ; Christie's Auction Room ; the Bank of England ; Bartholomew Fair ; Billingsgate ; Bluecoat School ; Bow Street Office ; Bridewell Pass-Room ; British Institution ; British Museum ; Carlton House ; Roman Catholic Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields ; the Coal Exchange ; Royal Cockpit ; Cold Bath Fields Prison ; College of Physicians ; House of Commons ; the Courts of Chancery, of Common Pleas, of King's Bench, and of Exchequer ; Covent Garden Market ; Covent Garden Theatre ; Custom House ; Debating Society, Piccadilly ; Doctor's Commons ; Drury Lane Theatre.

The second volume presents us with the following subjects :—the Corn Exchange ; the Exhibition of the Society of Painters, in Water-colours ; Fire in London at the Albion Mills ; the Fleet Prison ; the Foundling Hospital ; Freemason's Hall ; Gaming House ; Guildhall ; Council Chamber ; Meeting of Creditors ; Herald's College ; Middlesex Hospital ; East India Company ; King's Bench Prison ; King's Mews ; Lloyd's ; Leadenhall Market ; Lord Mayor's

House; House of Lords; Lottery; Magdalen; Mint; Mounting Guard; St. James's Park; Newgate; Old Bailey; Opera House; Pantheon; Philanthropic Society; Pillory; Post Office; Quaker's Meeting.

The third volume is enriched with views and descriptions of the Queen's Palace; the Royal Circus; Royal Exchange; Royal Institution; Sadler's Wells; the Sessions House, Clerkenwell; the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, and of Agriculture; Somerset House; Stamp Office; Stock Exchange; St. James's Palace; St. Luke's Hospital; St. Margaret's Church; St. Martin's in the Fields; St. Paul's Cathedral; Surrey Institution; the Synagogue in Duke's Place; Tattersall's Repository; the Temple; the Tower of London; the Board of Trade; Trinity House; Vauxhall; St. Stephen, Walbrook; Watch House; West India Docks; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Whitehall; Workhouse; Greenwich Hospital; Chelsea Hospital; Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea; Covent Garden New Theatre; South Sea House; Excise Office. To these are added, a view of the Thames and Westminster Bridge, from Lambeth; and a View of London from the Thames.

Of the spirit and fidelity of the engravings in this splendid work, the reader will judge best from the inspection. We shall extract one or two more specimens of the letter-press. The first shall be the account of the Prince of Wales's armory at Carlton House:

'This valuable and unique collection is a museum, not of arms only, but of various works of art, dresses, &c.; it is arranged with great order, skill, and taste, under the immediate inspection of his royal highness. It occupies five rooms in the attic story; the swords, fire-arms, &c. are disposed in various figures upon scarlet cloth, and inclosed in glass cases: the whole is kept in a state of the most perfect brightness. Here are swords of every country, many of which are curious and valuable, from having belonged to eminent men: of these the most remarkable is a sword of the famous Chevalier Boyard, (Bayard) the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.—A sword of the great Duke of Marlborough, one of Louis XIV. and one of Charles II.; the two last are merely dress swords. A curious silver-basket-hilted broad-sword of the Pretender's, embossed with figures and foliage. But the finest sword in this collection is one of excellent workmanship, which once belonged to the celebrated *Hampden*; it was executed by *Benevuto Cellini*, a celebrated Florentine, who was much employed by Francis I. and Pope Clement VII.—Peter Torrigiano, who executed the monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, endeavoured to bring over Cellini to England to assist him; but Cellini disliking the violence of his temper, who

used to boast that he had given the divine Michael Angelo a blow in the face with his fist, the marks of which he would carry to the grave, refused to come with him. *Vasari*, who was contemporary with Cellini, speaks of him in the highest terms. He was originally a goldsmith and jeweller, and executed small figures in alto and basso-relievo with a delicacy of taste and liveliness of imagination not to be excelled: various coins of high estimation were executed by him for the Duke of Florence; and in the latter part of his life he performed several large works in bronze and in marble with equal reputation. He wrote his own memoirs, which contain much curious and interesting information relative to the contemporary history of the arts. The ornaments on the hilt and ferrule of the scabbard of this curious sword, are in basso-relievo in bronze, and are intended to illustrate the life of David: it is a most beautiful piece of work, and in the highest preservation; it is kept with the greatest care in a case lined with satin. In the armory is a youthful portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, and beneath it is a *couteau de chasse* used by that monarch, of very rude and simple workmanship. A sword of General Moreau's, and one of Marshal Luckner's: but it would be impossible in our limits to notice a hundredth part of what is interesting in this collection. In another room are various specimens of plate armour, helmets, and weapons; some Indian armour, of very curious workmanship, composed of steel ringlets, similar to the hauberk worn by the Knights Templars, but not so heavy, and the helmets are of a different construction. Here are also some cuirasses as worn at present in Germany; a very curious collection of fire-arms of various countries, from the match-lock to the modern improvements in the firelock; air-guns, pistols, &c. In this room are also some curious saddles, Mamaluke, Turkish, &c.; some of the Turkish saddles are richly ornamented with pure gold. Another room contains some Asiatic chain armour, and an effigy of Tippoo Suldaun on horseback, in a dress that he wore. Here are also a model of a cannon and a mortar on new principles; some delicate and curious Chinese works of art in ivory, many rich Eastern dresses, and a palanquin of very costly materials. In another apartment are some curious old English weapons, battle-axes, maces, daggers, arrows, &c.; several specimens also from the Sandwich, and other South Sea islands, of weapons, stone hatchets, &c. Our young men of fashion who wish to indulge a taste for antiquarian researches, may project the revival of an old fashion for that appendage of the leg called *boots*, from the series of them worn in various ages, which form a singular part of this collection. In presses are kept an immense collection of rich dresses of all countries; and indeed so extensive and multifarious are the objects of this museum, that to be justly appretiated it must be seen. His royal highness bestows considerable attention upon it, and it has in consequence arrived in a few years to a pitch of unrivalled perfection.

Among the dresses are sets of uniforms, from a general to a private, of all countries, who have adopted uniforms, and military dresses of those who have not. All sorts of banners, colours, horse-tails, &c. ; Roman swords, daggers, stilettoes, sabres, the great two-handed swords, and amongst the rest one with which executions are performed in Germany, on the blade of which is rudely etched on one side a figure of Justice, and on the other the mode of the execution, which is thus :—the culprit sits upon a chair, and the executioner comes behind him, and at one blow severs the head from the body. Besides the portraits of several dukes of Brunswick and Count de Lippe, there are those of Charles XII. the Emperor Joseph II. and Frederick the Great, and various other princes, and great men renowned for their talents in the art of war.

Our next extract shall be a short account of Brookes's Subscription-House, in St. James's street :

‘ The house was built by the late Mr. Brookes, about the year 1777, for the express purpose of accommodating the political club, which had been formed some years before that period, under the tutelar auspices of the late Mr. Charles Fox, at Almack's. The architect was Mr. Henry Holland. This club is known by the title of *Brookes's*, and is honoured by the names of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, and the principal nobility and gentry, who have usually appeared in the ranks of opposition with the late Mr. Fox. The number of its members is limited to four hundred and fifty ; the candidate for admission must be nominated by a member, and his name exposed in a list for that purpose, at least one week before the ballot, which can only take place during the meeting of parliament, and when at least twelve members are present. A single black ball is sufficient to exclude. The royal family do not undergo this ceremony for admission, and they are not competent to exercise the invidious power of voting at the election of other members. The business of this club is managed by a committee of six gentlemen, who are chosen annually. All new rules proposed are ballotted for. The members of this club are permitted by courtesy to belong to the clubs at Bath, and also to Miles's, and other respectable clubs, without being ballotted for. The subscription is eleven guineas *per annum*. The game of *hazard* is seldom or ever played, and there is no billiard-table. The present fashionable games are *quinté*, *whist*, *piquet*, and *maccau*. This club has continued at Brookes's for upwards of thirty years, and is more properly an association of noblemen and gentlemen, connected by politics than gaming : it is not to be denied that a few years since this destructive propensity was carried beyond all the purposes of amusement or pleasure, and that some of our great popular characters have been accused of indulging an inordinate passion for it ; but the taste for play seems in a con-

siderable degree to have abated, although some men of sanguine tempers and ardent dispositions still continue partial to the amusement. During the time this club met at Almack's, a regular book was kept of the wagers laid by the different members, as well as of the sums won or lost at play, which were carried to the accounts of the respective parties, with all the forms of mercantile precision. We are old enough to remember the circumstances which gave rise to some of these wagers; which, as they show the opinions of persons who shone so conspicuously in politics, upon the particular subjects to which they allude, may be considered at least as interesting as some of the *Ana* with which the public have been entertained; we shall therefore insert a few. *March 11, 1744, Almack's.* Lord Clermont has given Mr. Crawford ten guineas upon the condition of receiving 500*l.* from him, whenever Mr. Charles Fox shall be worth 100,000*l.* clear of debts. Lord Northington bets Mr. C. Fox, *June 4, 1774*, that he (Mr. C. F.) is not called to the bar before this day four years. *March 11, 1775,* Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to 171 millions. Mr. Fox is not to pay the 1000*l.* till he is one of his majesty's cabinet. *August 7, 1792,* Mr. Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thanet, twenty-five guineas each, that parliament will not consent to any more lotteries, after the present one voted to be drawn in February next.'

Some of our readers may not recollect the account of the following singular robbery, which was perpetrated at Lambeth palace, in the summer of the year 1783. The archbishop had ordered some alterations to be made:

' a great number of workmen were employed; and, for greater security, a door leading to the plate-room was bricked up. The person who acted as chief agent in the robbery was a labourer. This man conducted himself so artfully, that the steward, observing him sitting on the stairs at meal-times; and admiring what he thought his sobriety, ordered him a pint of ale every day; but the fact appears to be that he chose these opportunities for making his observations. This robbery was discovered the morning after it was committed: the fresh brick-work having been removed from the doorway, and an old cutlass, with which it had been done, lay on the ground. On searching the chest, plate worth 3000*l.* was missed. Great exertions were made to find out the culprits, but to no purpose; at length they were discovered in a very extraordinary manner. Some months had now elapsed when it happened that two lightermen, who had been kept up by the tide running late, thought they heard an unusual noise in a timber-yard adjoining them; and climbing up the wall observed two men, as they thought, hammering pewter-pots. Arming themselves with pistols, they scaled the walls,

upon which the whole party disappeared immediately: they were, however, fortunate enough to catch one man at the entrance of a drain; who, being threatened, acknowledged the robbery. A considerable part of the plate was found in the drain, part of it was traced to a melting-house in Thames-street, and upwards of 300*l.* worth had been sold to refiners in London. The man thus taken was the only one who suffered for this robbery: his companions effected their escape to Holland; and though they were afterwards seen in London, and might have been secured, the archbishop, having delivered up one criminal as an example to public justice, humanely forebore to prosecute.'

Our readers will find this an amusing work. The letter-press does not display any deep or laborious research, but it contains a good deal of desultory information, plainly expressed; and, combined with the numerous engravings, it will form an admirable *lounging-book* for a breakfast-room, or a very accurate and entertaining guide to the variety of curious and interesting spectacles, which are to be seen in this stupendous capital of the commercial world.

ART. V.—*Musæ Cantabrigienses; seu, carmina quædam Numismate Aureo Cantabrigiæ ornata, et Procancellarij permissu edita. Londini: in Ædibus Valpianis pridie Idus Januarias, 1810.*

THE typographical singularity of the title-page, which is placed above, will perhaps *in limine* induce the reader to enquire about the '*Ædes Valpianæ*.' Dr. Valpy, who keeps a respectable academy at Reading, has in the true spirit of the Alduses and Stevensens, engaged one of his sons, after bestowing on him a liberal education, in the office of printer. It is intended, and we sincerely hope the intention may succeed, to reinstate the union of critical and mechanical abilities, and to render the press, by confiding it to literary men, a safer and more ornamental vehicle of learning, than it is at present.

Equipped therefore as a young Aldus, Mr. Valpy sets forward from his *Ædes*, with his *device*, on which we can by no means compliment him; as if it has resemblance to any thing 'on earth beneath,' it has to a gibbet. To the Greek type we must object, as coarse and blotty; but we cannot deny full praise to the compositor. Having settled these technical preliminaries, we proceed to the book itself.

Although no name of editor is prefixed to this selection, it is generally understood at Cambridge to owe itself to the joint

labours of Mr. Rennel of King's, and Mr. Bloomfield of Trinity, Colleges. As these gentlemen have inserted their own annual compositions, it was perhaps fair to have expected a little more chronological nicety in the arrangement, and taste in the choice of poems. At present we think the mode of printing what are before us, not only invidious, but liable to the charge of the grossest partiality, and implying a degree of arrogance in mere bachelors of the university.

Many odes and epigrams of undoubted merit, the recital, or the reading of which we formerly remember, are omitted; and many most unworthy performances are submitted to the eye of criticism, certainly without any vain wish of protrusion in their authors. Much as the ear of youth is pleased with the effusion of the Greek and Latin attempts of contemporary merit, a few years and a little more experience render it fastidious, and minds, by no means finely woven, can discover puerilities in every stanza, which earlier criticism excused or approved. This is the case throughout the *Musa Cantabrigienses*. We are not however disposed to deny, that some odes are better than others; and that some even deserve perpetuity. The best owe their origins decidedly to King's College, where the classics are sedulously, if not solely, cultivated without any admixture of mathematics; and where the members, from the constitution of their college, are entered at an age when other youths are generally proceeding to their bachelor's degree: They have moreover the primary advantage of Etonian instruction; and if we examine the whole index, with the exception of a Tweddel, Maltby, and B. Frere, we shall find no composition worthy of detaining us, besides those written by Eton men. Indeed we shall discover, on recollection, that more than half of all those, whose compositions are admitted, drew their first notions of poetry on Thames's 'margent green.'

The preface sets forth with an account of the method in which the Cambridge prizes are decided, in compliance with Browne's will: and with an acknowledgment to the vice-chancellor, for the facilities with which he permitted this selection to be extracted from the University Archives. Any alterations of that text, which *Alma Mater* honoured with her approbation, must necessarily be impertinent. The judges on the merit of the prizes should at least be made amenable for the judgment they have past; and however alight the innovation of our modern editors may be, we deprecate the precedent they would establish. The preface proceeds to an examination of the Sapphic and Alcaic metres, on the principles and canons stated by Burney in the Monthly

Review (XXV) and we are inclined to think it will be of use to future candidates for Browne's medals. The Latinity of the preface is correct, and does considerable credit to the writer.

We have not room to examine every ode separately; and the best allotment we can devise for our limited paper, is to produce a few lines of the good and bad cast; beginning with the latter, that we may reserve for our conclusion the more grateful task of criticism.

One of the worst compositions throughout this book is the '*Laus Astronomiæ*,' by Dr. Butler, now master of Shrewsbury school. The consummate flatness of the opening, exclusively of the improper termination of the third line, can, we are sure, induce no one but the laborious critic to proceed:

'Testantur ignes ætherei Deum,
Et Turba cœli lucida concinit.
Rerum Jehovah conditorem
Omnipotens sine fine Numen;
Qui primus æterno æquora spiritu
Afflavit undis sæva tumentibus.'

We blush for the honour of Cambridge in what we have already cited: our imperious duty, however, impels us to make some more remarks.

Stanza 4th. '*Hausitque fecundata tellas.*'

Fecundata, is a word coined by the author. In the 9th stanza we have the following inharmonious close.

'Nullæ reversuro micabant
Ætheriæ, omina fausta, flammæ!'

One at least, of the editors could have protested against such an insult to an Etonian ear; and much we wonder at the insertion of such trash, to the exclusion of much more poetical verses. Let him reconsider the 12th stanza:

'Tandemque te felicior auspice
Affulsit orbi *Dia Scientiæ*.
Risitque virgo, erepta tristi
Liberior Taciturnitati!'

And (to omit many other distressing and vile lines) the

'Novum per auras remigio hospitem,
Pandens verendæ arcana *Scientiæ*,
Quâ lege cœlum pendulique
Machina sustineatur orbis.'

Dr. Butler, we think, will not much admire the injudicious zeal which has drawn his frailties from their abode; and exposed them to the keen eye of those, whom his labours, and extensive learning, have, in other respects, informed and directed.

The Hon. Mr. Robinson's Ode on '*Melite Britannis Subacta*' is unusually tame; let us instance:

'Han clavis olim nescia sordidæ
Virtus amavit nobilis insulam:
Hæc sede Libertas honores,
Hæc solium sibi vindicavit.'

In the next stanza stands an unblushing false quantity:

'Affulsit, altis sol *uti* montibus.'

But we have done with Mr. Robinson.

'Cedat, *uti* conviva satur.'

In p. 61, in the most boyish strains Mr. Bloomfield laments the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

————— '*Meorum*
Dulce erit haud cecidisse dextrâ.
' Vix tale fanti transadigit latus
Fatâle vulnus: mox humeris caput
Vidi recumbens, et colorem
Purpureum fugere ora vitæ;
Languere totum; flos veluti tener
Succis unco vomere, seu decus
Papaveri languescit ægro
Imbre caput roseum gravanti.'

It is, however, but fair to add, that Mr. Bloomfield's Greek attempts are far more successful than those he makes in Latin.

Mr. Ramsden's Ode of Trinity College, beginning;

'Ωγγιλος τα καλ' ὁ λεγων, προσπιπτα,'

Is wholly unworthy a place in this collection, as is the Ode of Tomline's (the bishop of Lincoln's son) on the death of the Duke d'Enghien, who sublimely laments the

'—φυγαν θ' ἱταιρων
Δεινα Τ' ἀλγῇ πατρίδος ἔκ τε' ὕσας,
Δη τοτ' ἐξαιφνης ἴλεν Ἑγγιστον
Υπνος αυπνος.'

What excessive balderdash this is; as is the barbarous opening to an address to Buonaparte.

'αλλα σοι μεν, βαρβαρι Κυρκελειτα,
Γαλλας ὑβριστα κακος ζυγισις.'

Just before the duke was about to die, the poet tells us that he, a

ἄδως μαιδασὶ πανύατον τι.
ἥρως

This is 'foolishness to the Greeks' with a vengeance. Next to the pupil, Mr. Tomline, comes the tutor, Dr. Maltby; but his style is more deserving of praise. The last stanza (p. 201) of Mr. Kennel's Ode, which has its beauties of no very common nature, is a cento from Mr. Tweddel's, published before. We were surprised to find the following obscure epigram, written by that excellent scholar Dr. Goodall, honoured with the prize; and with insertion among his ablest performances.

'Stans pede in uno.

IN STATUAM MERCURII.

Sum tibi Mercurius. Quæris cur sto pede in uno?

Scilicet hoc hodiè contigit esse lucrum.

Jos. Goodall,

Coll. Regal, Alumnus, 1782.'

A Mr. John Doncaster, of Christ's College, supplies a most driveling performance, p. 217, which we have not room nor stomach to quote. There is neither wit, point, nor sense in it: the editors have omitted this gentleman's Greek epigram, for good reasons, no doubt. In page 222 there are some paltry hendecasyllables by a Mr. Plumtree. He calls himself a clod, thus,

'Ruris sector, opes laboriosas,
Boum stemmata, vomeris triumphos,' &c.

And, we trust, he now follows agriculture, for which he seems most fitted in a better style than he wrote verses.

Mr. Miller, in page 226, on the young Roscius says, 'he has known two men

τὸ Ρωσκιον οὐνοῦ ἔχοντα.

The first of them is naturally Ρωσκιος himself; the second is Γαριχος.

ὅς δὲ τέλεις ἀριθμοί, μεγάλης ὡ μικροῦ φήμης,
οὐ τριταχωνεῖς, παῖ, τριτατος περ ἰων.

The Latin epigram by the same bard, is, if possible, worse than the Greek.

'Ad Rocium Nostrum.

Per te jam satis ipse jure notus,

Nec famæ supereminentis omnes,

Atqui verticis indigus, pusille

Magni debueras, puer, tragædi
Non nomen rapuisse, sed cothurnos.

From the staleness of his jokes, this gentleman probably is not Joe Miller. Having waded through some, though far from all of the trash in this collection, we turn with pleasure, to several spirited expressions, happy thoughts, and elegant verses, which, with a little more care in the selection, would have rendered this volume very acceptable to the student, and man of letters—excepting always the mode of publication which has been adopted, and on which we have expressed our sentiments before.

The odes by Goodall, Keate, and Tweddel, are preeminently beautiful. The '*Mare Liberum*,' of Smith, is highly grand and Horatian. The odes of the Two Freres', of Drury and Lonsdale, though never correctly elegant throughout, shew the youthful genius in an interesting point of view. Goodall stands by far the first in epigram, and Frere the second. Keate has a fine conclusion to a Latin ode on the subject of '*Græcis ingenium*,' &c. p. 8.

' Utcunq;ue, prisci nominis immemor,
Fati severam passa gemas manum,
Hellas, triumphatasque Græciū
Transtulerit tibi Roma laurus.
Utcunque sanctum Tibrin, et uvidi
Delubra musis conscia Tuscū,
Utcunque divini Maronis
Laude piâ decoremus urnam;
Te consecrabunt Pierides; tibi
Solenniori cum prece funebres
Ponunter aræ; te, parentem
Carminis, harmoniæque fontem
Gratis veremur fletibus, et sacrâ
Ingentium formidine nominum
Fragmenta, collapsamque famam, et
Degeneres veneramur umbras.'

The '*Mare Liberum*' is so grand, as a whole, that it is scarcely possible to disunite a member from it with effect. However, that we may prove the justice of our approbation, we subjoin a passage on the siege of Gibraltar:

' Cerno in remotâ rupe micantium
Discrimen armorum, et nece fervidam
Calpen, triumphantem gementes
Inter aquas; rapidumque belli
Fulmen secundo sub Jove concitum; et
Æquor coruscum lumine lugubri,
Planctumque, clamoremque latè
Per trepidos equitare fluctus.'

The ode of Mr. Tweddel on 'Juvenum Curas,' has already been before the public in print. It combines the most classical imagery, with the most chastised judgment; our admiration of it increases every time we peruse it; and, we think there are few, whom a reperusal would pall. To those who have not read this ode, we recommend either the 'Musa Cantabrigienses,' or the 'Profusiones a Tweddel.' This interesting young man died, during his travels, at Athens, and blasted the promise of the most critical sagacity, and elegant learning. The ode to which we allude, borrows many thoughts from Gray: but it amplifies and ameliorates those thoughts; or rather, in the passages where he is adumbrated, it makes Gray speak as a Grecian. The chief defect in our English poet is his incessant search for Greek allusions, and imagery; in the language in which Mr. Tweddel has clothed his 'Story of Youth,' the feelings and the expressions are equally natural. It is with regret we turn from a farther analysis of this most beautiful composition.

The two best epigrams in the collection belong respectively to Dr. Goodall, the present provost at Eton; and to Mr. William Frere, now fellow of Downing College, whose abilities shed a lustre over the University, while he was one of its junior members. We will conclude with quoting the latter gentleman's epigram.

Ἐχὴ σιγᾶν, ἢ χρεῖσσαν σιγῆς λελύει.

Ἴρος, ἰὼν ἀγλῶστος, ἐν τριβοῖσι καθήκει
πτωχῶν, σπανίᾳ λισσομένων βολῶν,
ὑπερβαλὺς, πολιορκηθεὶς, καὶ χεῖρ πτεράζει
δακρυοῖς—λατὼν τῶς ποτ' ἀφῆκεν ἑμν,
δύρος ἀπαντῆται;—μᾶλα δὲ πειραστέρα κενεῖ,
ἢ στομα σιγᾶται, χεῖρ, τριχὺς, ἄμμι δαλαί.

ART. VI.—*Romance Readers and Romance Writers; a Satirical Novel*, 3 vols. By the Author of a *Private History of the Court of England, &c.* London, Hookham, 1810.

THE singularity of the title of this satirical novel, made us eagerly cut the leaves and sit down close to the perusal of *Romance Readers and Romance Writers*; and though we are so frequently ill-repaid for indulging this curiosity, and have so often to deplore the loss of time which it occasions, yet when we do meet with any thing like good sense with

the evolution of interesting incidents and of natural characters, we forget our former laments, and experience a degree of pleasure which is greater in proportion, as it was not exhausted by previous anticipation. The work before us we can unhesitatingly affirm to have much merit, some novelty, and a really good lesson for young people. But before we take a view of the novel, we must speak of what has engaged much of our attention called—'*Literary Retrospection*.' This retrospection, brings to our view various authors of romance, and novel-celebrity, whom the authoress exposes as imitators, and innovators, &c. with much truth certainly, but we must at the same time allow with considerable *sharpness* of rebuke. She seems to have lost all patience with this herd of literati, and wishes, she says, that

'Like the monster Briareus I could strike a hundred blows in the same instant, and that all the vampers of romance, who merit annihilation, were in my presence!—they are the vermin of literature—their spawn creep to our fire-sides and cover our tables, our chairs, our sofas, and our mantle-pieces; we find them in the bed-chambers of our daughters; nay, not unfrequently are they placed beneath their pillows, to occupy their minds at day-break, or to beguile a sleepless night.'

This is most lamentably true, and we cannot wonder at the indignation of the authoress, when we reflect how many a mind has been weakened by this unprofitable and too often pernicious study.—But to proceed, she gives us a few little anecdotes of book-making, which, if not known before, will make the reader smile; but as the authoress of '*Romance Readers*,' &c. has not spared those ladies and gentlemen who employ themselves in this way, but given their names at full length, we shall decline repeating them. We will, however, give an extract from this part of the work, containing some remarks on what our authoress styles the *LUDICROUS sublime*, of which specimens are supplied from the novel of '*The Three Brothers*.'

"I arose from the bank superior to the tyranny of nature, and *engaging her arm within mine*, returned to the cottage." The expression "truth to say" frequently occurs.—"A few steps promoted us through the vestibule."—"Yet so strong was my animosity against the ungrateful fair, that I trembled to behold them, and *conceited* the holy ground to be profaned by their presence."

"From that morning," said the Italian, *his sobs quarrelling with his words*, "from that fatal morning unlighted sorrow hath oppressed me."

"The huge misshapen fragments that choked this entrance, were slippery with moss, and splintered so pointedly by the forcible manner in which they had been broke from the mother-stone, that a fall (alluding to the perilous situation of one Claudio) might have occasioned an *imperfect empalement*."—Oh horrible! 'Tis said that the sublime sometimes borders on the ludicrous—This terrific situation was unquestionably intended to convey a sublime picture to the mind, but how powerful must the ludicrous be, when we feel inclined to laugh at a man in so perilous a state!

One more quotation; gentle, patient, indulgent reader, and I will introduce you to Joshua's "innovations."

"For the Conte was standing with one hand pressed against his forehead with a savage force, which betrayed his secret wish to benumb the ability of his brain."

"But I have discovered another illustration of the *ludicrous sublime*, and cannot for the soul of me keep it to myself."

"The night, which hung heavily upon the face of nature, shuffled with tardiness and pain over the head of Claudio."

The author of Men and Manners, &c. &c. &c. comes in for his share of what school-boys call a *basting*; but here we must dissent from the authoress; the aforesaid gentleman does not write for his daily bread; what he does write for may puzzle many; we will presume it must be for his own amusement, though he may have failed to amuse others, and the authoress of the Romance Readers among the rest. However it must be allowed, that he has a most wonder-working brain with the most indefatigable fingers in the world. Our authoress next pays her compliments to a celebrated French romance writer, and very properly reprobrates intermixing what she styles historical, with her fictitious nonsense, and smiles at the word *Historique*, which the lady had KINDLY adopted by way of a clue to her readers, that they might know what they were about. Our authoress, either out of a good-natured compliment, or a satirical sneer, has done the same in her own novel. In speaking of selection and invention, this lady makes some very just remarks on men of the first poetic genius, condescending, for the mere love of lucre, to become compilers and editors. Our northern poet has commenced this book-making trade; and however he may charm us by his numbers, when we consider his motives, we cannot help despising that thirst for emolument which makes men of genius descend to what our authoress styles *literary mechanics*. But so it is! And so it is that we must take leave of literary retrospection rather abruptly, or our limits will not allow us to take a peep at this satirical novel. At the

conclusion of her retrospection, for it seems the writer is by confession a female, she says,

‘It is an adventurous task to oppose satire to satire: before true criticism, tempered with that politeness and gentleness, due to her sex, the author humbly bends; the pseudo-critics she defies and laughs at.’

Fear not, gentle lady, for you shall find us as polite as honesty will permit, but we must not forego the latter for the blandishments of the former, however pleasing to the feminine ear.

The construction of the tale is simple and natural; and the incidents are interesting; but the chief merit lies in the delineations of character. The account of the Marsham family with which this novel opens, is pleasing. They consist of three brothers—a clergyman, who is left a widower, a veteran soldier, and a gentleman farmer. The clergyman’s character is every thing a man of his profession ought to be. He is represented to be curate to a Right Hon and Rev. Mr. Leslie, whose private and professional character, is the exact reverse. The curate has two daughters, the eldest a pretty sensible girl, brought up a good housewife and a useful member of society, which she adorns by her sweet and cheerful disposition. The other daughter has been indulged by her father in the reading of romances; and she contracts such a fondness for this kind of study, that she appears not like a being of this terraqueous globe, and is truly a laughable and ridiculous character. But that our readers may judge for themselves what kind of *animal* this Miss is, we will extract the following. The three brothers are brought to our acquaintance as employing themselves in reading. The gentleman-farmer, whose name is Ralph, has carelessly taken up one of his niece’s romances; and a conversation commences on the absurdity of this species of writing, at the end of which the volume is thrown, with a laugh, at the back of the fire, and before it is quite consumed, the young lady enters, and finding the fate of her book, exclaims

‘O heavens! what sacrilegious hand has destroyed the recreative amusement of my leisure hours, and impeded my *itineration* through the delightful labyrinths of imagination.—“Don’t be such a confounded fool, Peggy,” said her uncle Ralph, “I am ashamed to hear you talk such nonsense.” “What then,” said she, “to add to my earthly miseries, am I to be called Peggy? My name, sir, is Margaretta,” &c.

This character is rather preposterous, though in some things

ludicrous enough, particularly in her fancied attachment to one of her uncle's labourers, Philim O'Gurphy, whom she believes to be a great duke in disguise. As we cannot dwell much on the story, we will just slightly give the heads: we shall only say, that we should have been better pleased if this romantic young lady had not been made the dupe of a professed and disgusting libertine. A tale of seduction, even in a satirical novel, is not likely to aid the improvement of morals. The Right Rev. Theodore Leslie, his wife Lady Caroline, and his sister Lady Isabella Emerson, are *exact* characters indeed, and their fashionable chit chats correct portraits of the corrupt manners of high life. The sister of this romantic Margaretta, called plain Mary, after various little love troubles, marries the handsome and the fashionable Mr. Harrington, nephew of the good Sir Edward. For a time, all goes smoothly on with the new married couple, but the country and the beautiful and amiable wife soon pull on the sense and fade in the eye, and Mr. Harrington again sighs for the voluptuous gaieties in which he had before his marriage so liberally indulged. Under the pretext of sea-bathing, he hastens to Cromer, where he meets with his old flirt, Lady Emily Emerson, who had lately run away and married a Major Raymond. The lively Harrington soon falls into the snare which this fascinating and beautiful woman prepares for him; he forgets his vows to his newly married wife, and carries off Lady Emily Raymond. This circumstance of course brings grief and all its concomitants on his family. With regard to the guilty pair, Harrington is soon seized with remorse, and quits the lady. He promises amendment, and returns to the society of his injured wife. Margaretta is prevented from drowning herself, with her friend Lady Emily Raymond, by her father the good curate and is sent into retirement. The married pair also retire into Wales, and are restored to that domestic comfort which they enjoyed before the infidelity of Mr. Harrington. In the whole work there is, as the author promises, a vein of satire which seems to spare none of those characters, which the authoress (with much truth) thinks have been deluded and corrupted by romance reading and French licentiousness. We fear that there are too many lady Carolines' and lady Emilys' in the world. The latter character is so highly embellished, that we cannot help regretting her fall; nor do we think it probable that a woman who possessed such wonderful powers of mind as are ascribed to Lady Emily, would act the vile part of spreading a snare for a married man. But we must take our leave of Romance Readers and Romance Writers, with acknowledging that a

great deal of good sense, shrewd remark, knowledge of the world, and love of virtue, are displayed in the performance.

ART. VII.—*A Treatise on the Passions, illustrative of the Human Mind. By a Lady, 2 vols. London, Crosby, 1810. Price 12s.*

THE authoress of this work tells us in her preface, that her design is 'to facilitate the knowledge of man by a physical analysis of the passions, shewing their rise, relation, and tendency;' &c. &c. How far she has succeeded in her task remains to be proved; and this, we fear, will not be done without some difficulty and taking up more time than the merit of the work claims, and our prescribed limits will allow. We have also our fears that the lady has attempted a work, the execution of which requires more reflection and strength of mind, than is commonly possessed. In many of the subjects, her thoughts seem so confused as to render her meaning totally unintelligible, and what she says is not unfrequently nonsensical. She divides her work into four parts; the first contains what she calls 'general introductory matter, such as leads us to place in order the principles which contribute to form the character of man.' The second part

'treats of such passions as *shut up the character* and repel, vice and virtue form no distinction in the order, in which the passions are here treated, because the analysis which is given is physical.'

The third 'consists of such passions as tend to open the mind and lead to communication, whether virtuous or not.' The fourth is a summary of the whole. The lady likewise tells us with much gravity that

'the definition, which is given of every passion, whether sensual or abstemious, means, by *sensual*, all the giving and receiving propensities, that consist of natural passion, and exclude reason. By *abstemious* is meant all that *excludes passion*, and *admits reason*.'

We will pass over the many little symptoms of pedantry which frequently meet our eye, and the dogmatical style in which the work is written, which may be excusable in a lady, when she undertakes the arduous task of giving a physical analysis of the passions, and point out those parts which may be more useful to our female readers. In the anxious and

tender character of a mother they may derive some instruction: In giving her sentiments on education, the writer remarks—

‘Gentlemen’s children, as soon as they can understand sounds, are taught a variety of tricks, to shew company how clever they are; and upon the entrance of any stranger, without considering the state of the child’s spirits and humour, it is summoned to perform its antics.’

If the child is unwilling to perform,

‘bribes are employed, and infancy itself is not incapable of perceiving the advantage it has over those who thus sue to it. And thus a pretty successful mode is adopted of introducing early into the mind the passions of tyranny and vanity. The ingenuity of children should be exercised; but nothing so dangerous as to encourage it, either with pecuniary rewards or applause. Pecuniary remuneration teaches mercenary ideas; applause produces vanity. Emulation is the best incentive: and when they have attained some degree of excellence, they will be able to relish wisdom for her own sake. Children cannot see too much company; it excites their attention and quickens their ideas, besides being a good foundation of future address. But they should never know themselves the object of the attention of the company.’

The lady remarks with much truth,

‘that the children of rustics advance faster, in the three or four years of infancy, both in bodily and mental powers, than the children of gentlemen, because they are left to nature.’

‘It is a pernicious custom to take children to church, and talk to them about a Deity, before they can distinguish one idea from another. Teaching children to read in the Holy Scriptures is a flagrant mistake. Instead of giving them an early relish for piety, it has necessarily a contrary effect: it renders the subject too familiar, and also makes it disagreeable, because it is a task.’

We shall subjoin another remark on the same subject:

‘Many people, having no abilities to explain the grandeur and importance of religion, think that, by thrusting it headlong into the brains of children, and dragging them to church in their infancy, it will explain itself when they grow older.’

Our authoress by no means approves of Mrs. H. More’s *Strictures on Education*, and points out with much good sense the silly minutiae of that lady’s precise and stupid system, which is only calculated to narrow the mind, and render the character hypocritical, self-important, and censorious. Her charity is inflated into ostentation, and her modesty, which,

in females, is so delightful, degenerates into prudery and ill-nature. Our authoress says, that according to Mrs. More's account,

'it would take the wings of an eagle to get up to her temple; the claws of a dragon to open the door when one got there; the appetite of a cormorant to swallow her food; and the stomach of an ostrich to digest it. What mortal durst imagine she possesses so many powers? No wonder, people should go away dispirited at a path so full of difficulty.'

It is a much more pleasing occupation to us to commend than to find fault; and we are never inclined to severity, particularly when looking over the productions of a female. The treatise now under our notice, evinces in many parts a reflecting mind, much liberality of sentiment and a proper love of morality;—but it is very faulty in its style, and abounds with assertions and opinions to which we cannot subscribe. The work is too diffuse, and embraces subjects which the authoress is by no means equal to discuss. It will, however, give us pleasure to meet this lady in some other literary walk; though we would by no means advise her to write another treatise on the passions.

ART. VIII.—*A Description of the Feroe Islands, containing an Account of their Situation, Climate and Productions, together with the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, their Trade, &c. By the Rev. G. Landt, Illustrated with a Map and other Engravings. Translated from the Danish, London, Longman, 1810, 8vo. pp.*

THE author of this work, officiated for seven years in the islands which he has described.

'These islands,' says he, 'are in number twenty-two, seventeen of which are inhabited. They occupy, in a direction from north to south, 67 miles; and extend in breadth from east to west, 45 miles.'

'They consist of a group of steep rocks or hills, rising from the sea, chiefly of a conical form, and placed for the most part close to each other, some of which proceed with an even declivity to the shore; but the greater part of these declivities have two, three, or more sloping terraces, formed by projecting rocks, and covered with a thin stratum of earth, which produces grass. Close to the sea, however, the land in general consists of perpendicular rocks, from two or three hundred fathoms in height.

'The highest of all the hills in these islands, and that first seen by navigators, particularly from the west, is Skælling which

lies in the southern part of Nordstromoe. Its perpendicular height is 400 Danish fathoms, or 2240 English feet; and though it is the steepest of all these hills, it is possible to ascend to the top of it. When viewed from the bottom, it appears to terminate in a long sharp point; but when you have clambered up to its summit, you find a pretty level plain covered with moss, about 600 feet in length, and 200 in breadth. When the weather is clear, the whole of the Feroe islands may be seen from it.

'The hills lie so close to each other, that the termination of the bottom of one is the commencement of the bottom of another, being separated merely by a brook or rivulet. There are no vallies of any extent between them: in the higher ground between their summits a few dales, covered with wretched grass, are sometimes seen; but these are not level, being interrupted sometimes by hillocks, sometimes by small rocky eminences, and sometimes by collections of large loose stones, which have the appearance of being thrown together by a volcanic eruption. On some heights there are found considerable tracts covered with rubbish, which seems to be effloresced matter thrown down from the rocks; and these tracts produce no grass, for the finer mould, fit for the purposes of vegetation, which might be collected in them, is swept away by the violence of the winds, or washed down by the rain and snow water. Some moist places, less exposed to the impetuosity of the winds, afford a scanty nourishment to the *Kanigia islandica*, and the drier spots produce the *Saxifraga oppositifolia* and the *Statice Armeria*. But such is the smoothness and steepness of many parts of these hills, that no earth can remain on them; and, in general, the stratum of earth by which the rocks of the Feroe islands are covered is so thin, that it is sometimes no more than eight inches in depth; and in the vallies, where the land is arable, it never exceeds four feet.'

The largest of the Feroe islands is Stromoe, which is twenty-seven miles in length, and about seven in breadth. In the village of Tyorneviig, at the northern extremity of Stromoe, the author remarks a singular circumstance respecting the intractable ferocity of all the bulls which are either bred or brought here, and for which he appears very ingeniously to account. He says that this village is inclosed by two high hills which stand opposite to each other, so that, when a bull bellows, a very loud echo is produced. Hence the author thinks that this sturdy animal may regard this reverberated sound as a defiance from some of his own species, and be thus exasperated to madness.

Thorshavn, which is the capital of Stromoe, is the seat of government, as well as the staple of trade.

'The town contains about a hundred houses, all built of wood; but some of the streets are so narrow that, in consequence of the situation of the ground, or of upright masses of rock, which rise in them to a considerable height, no more than one person can pass through them at a time.'

Mr. Landt gives an exact topographical description of the different islands, which would form a useful guide to those, who visit these remote regions, but contain little to interest the general reader. The following account, however, of the island called the GREATER DIMON, may not be unacceptable, as it is a *lonely isle*, without the aid of fiction.

'The length of the GREATER DIMON, from south-east to north-west is scarcely two miles and a half, and its breadth about half a mile. The coast is almost every where high and steep, and is accessible only in two places, where no more than one person can ascend at a time; so that no island can be better fortified by nature. It is, indeed, impregnable; for it is impossible to starve the inhabitants, as it abounds with good fish and sea-fowls; and no ship could remain near it on account of the force of the currents. The rocks here are well stocked with fowls; and it is a curious spectacle, particularly for strangers, to see the incredible number of the winged tribe which in the summer time swarm between Great Dimon and Skuoe. It exceeds every thing that can be imagined. At certain periods they almost darken the air, and they stun the ears so much with their piercing cries, that two people in the same boat cannot hear each other. Its whole population consists of one family; and in summer, the only time the clergyman can visit the church, it is necessary to hoist him up into the island by means of a rope. On the summit, however, the island is pretty level; but, on account of the steepness of the coast, no boats can be kept here; so that the inhabitants live entirely secluded from other people, and can never quit their prison, except when some of the inhabitants of the other islands come to them with a boat.'

All the churches in Feroe, with one exception, are built of wood. The roof is formed of boards placed upon rafters, and covered with some strata of birch-bark, fastened with twigs and overlaid with turf. Hence the roofs are in summer entirely green.

There are mines of coal in Feroe, which seem to merit more attention than they have hitherto received. The coal found here is said to be free from sulphur, arsenic, or vitriolic acid; and to be well adapted for metallurgic operations, or for the use of brewers and sugar-refiners. The new moon is denominated at Feroe the sun kindling, or merely the kindling; and full moon is called full sun; for the moon to them is the

night sun ; and according to this kindling and full sun, they can calculate pretty accurately the force of the currents which are very impetuous among these islands, and particularly three days before and after, new and full moon. The author has described the principal currents. What he has said on this subject will be found highly useful to navigators.

As the sun is scarcely four hours beneath the horizon of the Feroe islands, during the three summer months, the inhabitants can hardly be said to experience any night ; and the shortness of the days in winter is in some measure compensated by 'the morning and evening twilight.' The cold, which prevails here during the winter, is said not to be so severe as in Denmark, though the summers are cooler. The sea never freezes round the coast ; but the weather is very variable ; and 'a continually fine and dry summer, is almost as uncommon as a continually cold winter.'

The winds in this region are sometimes truly tremendous.

'Sometimes,' says the author, 'they sweep away large stones lying on the hills, and roll them before them like a ball, or tear out huge masses of the projecting rocks, which then fall down, emitting flames and smoke. On these occasions they shave off the turf from the sides of the hills, roll it together like a sheet of lead, and precipitate it into the valleys. The hurricanes in Feroe inspire travellers with the utmost terror ; when their approach is announced by their bellowing noise among the hills, if on horseback, they must immediately dismount, and if on foot, they must fall flat on the earth, to avoid being thrown down or dashed to pieces. These winds often make the houses of the natives shake ; and it is very remarkable that before a hurricane, the pressure of the air causes a cracking and crashing in the house, as if it would tumble down ; but when the wind really takes place, it has already exhausted its strength, so that the building remains firm and secure. Sometimes, however, the wind rises with increased violence, and in that case it often forces the house from its position, tears off the roof, shatters the window-frames, and entering below the bottom of it, forces up the flooring, and agitates in a violent manner the stool on which one sits, or the bed in which one is lying. Such are the hurricanes which prevail in Feroe in the autumn and spring.'

The author's description of the mineral and vegetable products of Feroe is very copious ; as well as that of the quadrupeds, fish, birds, and insects. The agriculture of Feroe is not in a very flourishing state ; and the ungenial climate, with the rocky and mountainous surface of the country, must cause almost insuperable obstacles to its improvement. The spring fishery besides tends to impede the culture of the

earth. The difference between the cultivated and uncultivated land in Feroe, is said to be as 1 to 60. In some parts of these islands sea-ware forms the principal manure. No ploughs are used, and 'in most places it is impossible to employ them.' Barley is in general the only corn which is sown in Feroe; and the seed which is employed is always kiln-dried, which is thus said to resist the frost better than that which is undried. Various kinds of turnips grow to an extraordinary size, and are well tasted. Potatoes are less cultivated than they deserve. The farmers sometimes dry their corn in an out-house set apart for that purpose; and heated by a fire made in the aperture of a wall, constructed of earth and stones.

'The operation of drying, thrashing, and cleaning the corn, is performed in Feroe by women; and it would be considered, particularly in some places as very indecent, if men should perform that kind of labour.'

'The corn is generally ground in hand-mills, which are of a very simple and rude construction. They consist of two stones, which rest on a kind of table, or boards nailed together for the purpose. In a hole near the edge of the upper one is fixed a handle, by means of which the stone is turned round with the right hand, while the left is employed in supplying a hole in the centre with corn from a box standing on one side; and one, or two, and sometimes three girls, who lighten their labour by singing in cadence, are employed in this labour, according to the size of the mill. The meal which falls from the mill upon the table, is every now and then scraped together and taken away; but as no furrows are cut in the stones, and as they are not made rough when they become smooth, the meal is exceedingly fine; but the operation of grinding is much slower. As no more meal is ground at one time than may be necessary for the consumption of one day, grinding becomes a daily labour, which, when the family is large, affords sufficient occupation to one girl.'

The Feroese butchers practice the following method, which has not been long adopted in this country, and is now, we believe, but little known, except in the capital and its vicinity:

'When a cow is to be slaughtered, the person who performs the part of butcher, pricks it cautiously, but speedily, in that part of the spine which corresponds to the neck. The knife is generally made to penetrate full half an inch; and as soon as pricked, the animal begins to stagger, and at length drops down; but by means of a rope fastened round its legs, it is made to fall to any side at pleasure; and as soon as it has dropped, its throat is cut.'

Sheep constitute the principal wealth of these islanders. A bad sheep year is one of their greatest misfortunes. A bad fishing season is an inferior calamity. The sheep remain out in every season. When the winter is long and the cold severe, many of them are lost. When the ground is covered with snow, they retire to the vicinity of the sea, and as most of the declivities are slippery, during the frost, many of these animals lose their way, and are precipitated into the ocean; or at other times they take their station on the projecting shelves of drifted snow, which yield under their weight, and they are rolled into the abyss beneath. It is remarkable that the inhabitants should not endeavour to provide shelter and food for their flocks of sheep, during the inclemencies of the winter. A few folds indeed, consisting of a fence about three or four feet in height, and composed of stones and turf are said to be erected for the sheep as a shelter in bad weather; but no fodder is stored up for them, and these groups of poor animals which are collected in these stations, are often exposed to such a degree of hunger, as to eat the wool off each other's backs.

The Feroese, who, like most other persons, are attached to their old habits, and very hostile to any species of innovation, have not yet learned the art of shearing their sheep; and though Mr. Landt endeavoured to introduce the custom in his own flock, and had previously instructed his servants in the use of the shears, he could not prevail on them to practice the art when the season for shearing came. The fleece is pulled off the hide of the sheep; when the wool is loose this may be readily performed; but there are times when the blood follows the attempt.

The ewes in Feroe are, at present, never milked; but this was a common practice in former times. The sheep here, as in the Shetland islands, are subject to various diseases. These would probably be considerably lessened by draining the marshy pastures, which seem very noxious to the health of these animals, particularly to corrupt the secretions of the liver, and to generate worms in that important organ.

Bird-catching is one great source of subsistence to these enterprising islanders. Some extracts descriptive of the different modes of bird-catching, which are very minutely detailed by Mr. Landt, will, probably, be gratifying to our readers.

'When the birds,' (he is talking of the puffin) 'have hatched their young, and the latter have taken flight, the fowlers begin in the month of July what is called *stainingen*, and for which a particular kind of apparatus is necessary. The principal parts

of it are, 1st, a round pole made of fir, ten or twelve feet in length, and an inch and a half in thickness at the lower end, but only one inch at the other; 2d, a piece of horn, generally of ram's horn, a little crooked, about eight inches in length, and an inch and a half in breadth, having in it four square holes, one in the middle and one at each end; 3d, two arms, formed of two small rods four feet in length, and half an inch in thickness; the pole is fitted into the middle hole of the piece of horn, the concavity of which is turned downwards, and the rods are inserted in the holes at the extremities of it, but in such a manner that they touch the pole beneath, and are made fast to it by means of twine tied round them; when properly fixed, these rods represent at the end of the pole the prongs of a fork, but they are bent a little inwards, and retained in that position by a piece of strong packthread, so that they stand at the distance of about eighteen inches from each other; on these prongs or arms is placed a net, the meshes of which are two inches in width; it is made either of hempen or grey woollen thread, is pretty large, and hangs like a bag, which projects a foot beyond the arms. The lower extremity of the pole is strengthened by an iron ring, and furnished with a spike or small three-pronged fork, in order that the fowler may be enabled direct his course by sticking it fast in the projecting rocks when suspended by a rope, and even to clamber up from one place to another.

When the fowler goes out, he is rowed about at the bottom of the rocks where the fowls sit; and with great dexterity casts his net over them. The fowls immediately push their necks through the meshes, in order to get into the water; but the fowler, by means of the pole, inverts the net, and the fowls remain suspended in it; and even if they were able to fly up, they never attempt it, but remain hanging with their heads through the meshes towards the water, considering that element as their only place of shelter. But by this method fowls are caught only on a small scale; to catch them on a more extended one, it is necessary to ascend to a considerable height in the rocks; and it is really astonishing to see to what heights the fowlers will proceed, and to what dangers they expose themselves in this occupation. On these occasions two men go out in company, and both of them make themselves fast to a rope, but in such a manner that there is the distance of eight or ten fathoms between them. The first man is assisted by the second to ascend the rock, and for this purpose the latter employs a pole twenty-four feet in length; having at its extremity an iron hook, which is made fast in the waistband of his breeches, or in a rope tied about his middle, or, what is more common, a piece of board is fixed to the end of the pole on which the climber sits, and when he has got a firm footing, he assists his companion to get up by means of the rope fastened round both their bodies; but they both carry their fowling-poles along with them. In this manner the second assists the first to clamber up by the help of his pole,

and the first helps the other by means of the rope from one projection to another ; but when they have a dangerous place to ascend, before they get to parts frequented by the fowls, the first must have a secure place of rest, that he may be able to support the other in case he should be so unfortunate as to fall. It frequently happens, however, that the one in his fall pulls down the other, so that they both become a sacrifice to their temerity. In these almost inaccessible places, and particularly such as are seldom visited by man, they find the fowls so tame that they can lay hold of them with their hands ; but where the fowls are shy, they cast their net over them with their fowling-pole, and at one throw, and in one hole, will sometimes catch from ten to twenty fowls.

When the rocks are so high and steep that it is impossible to climb up them, it then becomes necessary that the fowlers should descend from the top. This is done in two ways : a rope, three inches thick and a hundred fathoms in length, is made fast at one end around the fowler's middle ; a broad woollen band, which passes round his thighs, is fastened also to the rope ; and by these means he can sit more at his ease, and continue his labour for several hours. The rope is held fast by six men, who let the fowler, with his fowling-pole in his hand, glide down the rock ; and to prevent the rope from being cut by the hard edges of the rock, a piece of smooth wood is placed below it, in order to glide upon ; but as the men who hold the rope cannot see when the fowler has got to the place where the fowls are, they have also a small line, one end of which is bound round the fowler's body, and by pulling this line he gives notice to the men when to lower the rope, when to stop it, and when to draw it up. The fowler directs his course with his fowling-pole until he reaches the projection where the fowls construct their nests ; here he looses the rope from his body, and makes it fast to a stone, to prevent it from escaping him, and then he goes round catching the fowls with his hands, or casts the net over them in the manner already described ; or he places himself on some projecting shelf which the fowls fly past, and it is here that he displays his dexterity in the use of his fowling-pole in what is called *fleining*. The afternoon or calm weather is the time chosen for this purpose ; but in particular the wind must blow towards the rock, because in that case the puffin approaches nearest to the land. When the fowls come so near the fowler that he can reach them with his pole, he raises it towards them, and is pretty certain of catching one in his net ; and to prevent the fowl from disengaging itself, he turns the pole a little round, so that one of its arms stands upwards and the other downwards ; by these means the fowl hangs in the pocket of the net, below one of the arms, and is thus inclosed that it cannot get out ; but as the fowls are continually flying by, great speed and dexterity are requisite. At each stroke the fowler in general catches one, and sometimes two or three ; and in one afternoon a man in this manner will

catch two, three, and even four hundred. Sometimes the fowler undertakes this labour while he is suspended by the rope. But there are some cavities where the fowls build their nests which recede so far from the perpendicular direction of the rock, that the fowler, when he descends to them by the help of the rope, hangs so far from them in consequence of the projecting shelf, as to be at the distance of several fathoms from the holes where the fowls reside. In this case he must throw himself so far out from the rock, by means of his pole, as to be able to swing with the rope under the shelf to the proposed place, and to secure a footing. On such occasions he can without help give himself a swing to the distance of thirty or forty feet; but if the cavity proceeds farther into the rock, so that a very great swing is necessary to reach it, he fastens a small line to the end of the suspending rope on which he sits, and a man in a boat at the bottom of the rock, who holds the other end of this small line, can by pulling it make him swing to the distance of a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet.

Nothing can show more forcibly than this occupation the imminent perils, which the desire of subsistence will induce individuals to encounter. These fowlers are continually risking life for the sake of preserving it, or of adding to its enjoyments. They are exposed every moment to numerous accidents. The rope by which the two men are let down from the cliff, may be weaker than supposed, or may be worn by some accidental friction, or large fragments of rock may be detached from above, and crush the adventurous bird-catcher, or the projections on which he occasionally rests his feet, or grasps with his hands, may give way and dash him into the deep.

Seal-catching is another important employ of the Feroese. Two kinds of seals, the *phoca vitulina* and the *phoca hispida* are said to be generally found here. The first are either shot, or knocked on the head when they are sleeping on the shore. The other species frequent the holes and caverns in the rocks. The mouths of some of these caverns are under water; but others may be entered by a boat.

At the time when the young seals are pretty large and fat, the natives repair to these holes with two boats, one of which enters the cavern, while the other remains at the mouth. Between the boats there is a rope eighty fathoms in length, in order that if the boat on the inside should be filled with water, the people in the outer one may be able to drag it out. As there is not sufficient room in the entrance for rowing into the cavern, the boatmen push the boat in with poles, and as most of these cavities are entirely dark, they are furnished with lights; but they must be concealed in the boat as much as possible, lest the seals per-

ceiving the glare of them too soon, should make their escape. These lights are large candles formed of old linen, twisted together and dipped in tallow. When the boatmen have got so far in that they can reach the dry bottom, the first man springs from the boat with his club; the second man then jumps out, bearing a light in each hand, which must be held well up, that they may not be extinguished by the water; and he is soon followed by the third, having his club ready prepared also. As soon as the seals, which are lying on the dry bottom, perceive the men and the lights, they rush towards the water; but the men endeavour to give them a well-aimed blow on the head or snout, by which they are stunned, and they then dispatch them by cutting their throats. It sometimes happens that the large males, when they find that they cannot escape, become furious and make an obstinate resistance. On such occasions they raise themselves on their hind legs, with their jaws wide open, ready to attack their opponent, who must then avoid them and endeavour to knock them down with his club; but if the seal chances to meet the intended blow with his open mouth, he forces the club from the man's hands, and throws it several yards from him; in which case the man must be assisted by his nearest companion. When all the old seals have been dispatched, the men proceed farther into the cavern, where the young ones remain quiet lying on the dry rock, without paying any attention to the people or the lights, and in this manner become an easy prey. When the slaughter is ended, the dead seals are dragged to the water, and being made fast to a rope, are drawn out by the people in the other boat; and if there be any surf at the time, which is often the case, though the most favourable period is chosen for this labour, the inner boat is drawn out in the same manner. Seal-catching at present is not so productive as it was formerly. From eight to ten may be caught in most of these caverns, but sometimes the number killed amounts to twenty or thirty.

The coast of the Feroe islands is said to be almost entirely deserted by the fish, which formerly contributed so much to the food and wealth of the inhabitants. But a taste for fishing is still retained by the people, though often to the prejudice of agriculture. The whale fishery is however, sometimes productive of great advantage to the islanders. Whales of a small species are said to approach Feroe, 'in shoals of from one hundred to a thousand.' When these shoals are discovered by some of the fishing boats, great art is displayed in driving them on shore. Sometimes the whales are so tame that they suffer themselves to be driven before the boats like a flock of sheep, but sometimes they become furious, and frustrate every effort to prevent their escape.

When the shoal has been driven into a convenient creek,

if night be approaching, the fishermen must remain at rest in their boats, in order to keep the whales confined till the morning; but if they have the day before them, and if there be a sufficient number of people collected on the shore to meet the whales the attack then begins, and affords a very singular and terrible spectacle to the by-standers. If the time will permit, a fire is kindled on the shore, to deceive the whales; for it has been discovered by experience, that they are accustomed to follow the light of the moon when it appears at a small distance from the horizon, or shore; and the smoke of the fire congeals from them the land. The boats in the meantime are arranged in a semi-circular form to intercept the whales in case they should endeavour to escape when attacked on all sides.

When the shoal has advanced within about two hundred fathoms of the shore, and the whales have turned their heads towards the land, which is the position in which the fishermen wish them to be, a part of the boats, the men in which are provided with the proper weapons, begin the slaughter by rowing into the middle of the shoal, and darting their lances into the whales behind the tail. They, however, avoid wounding those whales which lie close to the boats, because, if wounded, they might dash the boats to pieces, and hurt the men in them. The shoal, when many of them are thus wounded, move forward with prodigious force, carrying with them an immense body of water, and a great many of them run on shore, so that in consequence of the reflux of the water they are left on dry land; but the people collected on the shore rush on them in a furious manner, and with their sharp knives cut every whale they meet with across the neck. An active man who knows how to make use of his knife, can at two strokes cut the neck to the bone; and after that the animal by its tumbling breaks its neck entirely. The people drag the whales on shore by thrusting their hands into the hole through which they breathe; but above all things they must not touch their eyes, for if they did, the whales would become exceedingly restless, and with a stroke of their tail, in which they have a particular strength, might hurt the men who are dragging them. The sea in consequence of this slaughter becomes as red as blood, and the whales which have not been wounded remain in it, as it were, blinded, or bewildered; and it is very singular, that when a whale which has not been wounded gets into clear water, it immediately returns to the bloody water, where it becomes a sacrifice to its mistake.

The flesh of these whales is eaten fresh by the inhabitants, who account it agreeable food, and certain parts are even used by foreigners as a delicacy; the flesh below the blubber has a great resemblance to beef, both in taste and appearance; that which is not eaten fresh is cut into thick stripes and hung up to be dried. The greater part of the blubber is converted into train oil; but some of it is salted in casks or barrels, and in want of these, in boats: the blubber on the back is suffered to remain

on the animal till it is used; but that on the sides, after being hung up a week or a fortnight, will keep several years, and is used by the inhabitants instead of bacon.

Besides these small whales, large ones, called *doglingen*, are sometimes caught, but chiefly at the southernmost islands. This kind of whale is easily killed: when it appears, the inhabitants row close to it, and scratch it on the back with an oar, by which means it lies perfectly still; they then close up its breathing holes with wool, which prevents it from diving under the water, and they make a hole in its blubber, into which they tie a rope, and thus drag it on ashore. It is asserted, that the animal experiences no pain from the hole made in its blubber, but rather an agreeable sensation, which, as it remains so quiet, appears to be the case. When it has been brought near to the land, and the rope has been made fast on shore, others row around it in boats, and pierce it till the blood gushes out; but this labour is attended with very great danger, as it then beats about in a terrible manner with its tail. The blubber of this whale is not used as food; if it be eaten by any of the inhabitants, it passes through the pores of the skin, and communicates to the clothes a yellow colour and a fœtid smell.

The remaining sections of this work relate to the 'division of land,' 'mechanics, tradesmen, and servants,' 'trade,' 'manner of life,' 'dress,' 'houses and buildings,' 'persons and character of the inhabitants,' 'virtue and vice,' 'language, learning,' 'superstition,' 'weddings,' 'diseases and remedies,' 'population,' 'revenue,' 'religious establishment,' 'income of the clergy,' 'income of the churches,' 'military establishment,' 'provision for the poor,' 'roads and convenience for travelling.' Most of these topics are very briefly touched; but the author has said enough, and would have been tedious if he had written more. This volume contains a very full and circumstantial description of the Feroë Islands, which appears to surpass all that have preceded it in copiousness and accuracy of detail. Mr. Landt is evidently a man of learning, good sense, and just observation; and the translator has performed his part of the task much better than translators usually do.

ART. IX.—*The Borough; a Poem, in twenty four Letters.*
By the Rev. G. Crabbe, LL. B. London, Hatchard,
8vo. pp. xl. 344. 1810.

WE were much pleased at the announcement of the present publication, from a recollection of the great pleasure which Mr. Crabbe imparted to us on a former occasion.

We, therefore, seized this new volume with avidity, and fairly read it through; and though we find it necessary to point out many considerable faults in it, yet upon the whole we are bound to confess that Mr. C's powers of pleasing are not at all diminished. We suppose that most of our readers well know the works of this gentleman, and remember his peculiarities, both good and bad; the faithfulness and spirit of his satire, his accurate delineation of almost every species of character, his easy and simple flow of poetical diction, his continual intermixture of pathetic and ludicrous observation, and the air of good nature, which tempers the rigour of his severest passages on the one hand; and on the other, his frequently painful minuteness of description, his occasionally prosaic familiarity, approaching almost to vulgarity, his ignorance of 'the last and greatest art, the art to blot,' his carelessness of style, and above all, what is perfectly unwarrantable, his inaccuracies in language, and even in grammatical construction. The present work has all the above-mentioned characteristics, in as great a degree as Mr. C's former publication; and on one score, we mean prolixity, is far more reprehensible. The narrative is frequently drawn out with a gossiping and tame tediousness, without either point or humour to rouse or keep alive the attention. The versification also is frequently very harsh, and there are numberless instances of such ungraceful contractions as 'he'd' for 'he would,' 'could'nt' for 'could not,' 'you'd' for 'you would,' &c. &c. there are even many pages of mere prose; and we cannot help mentioning the author's very unpoetical habit of giving two names to his heroes and heroines; such as Dolly Murray, Jacob Holmes, Abel Keene, Mister Smith, &c. &c. This frequently gives an air of drollery to the most pathetic passages, and is too familiar even for the most familiar narrative. Preceding the poem is a long rambling preface, which is a mere string of dull ill-written apologies, for what Mr. C. conceives to be exceptionable parts in his work: he here seems inclined to give a salve for many of the wounds, which his verses inflict, and evinces an evasiveness which in some degree detracts from that respect, which we are disposed to bear towards him. This anticipation of criticism, though very fashionable in France, has never been tolerated in England: there is an air of vanity and conceit about it, which is not congenial to English sense. We certainly wish, that, in the present instance, it had been omitted, as it is very fatiguing and perfectly unnecessary: but we will now hasten to the contemplation of the poem, which not merely from the justly acquired fame of its author, but from its magnitude, its novelty of subject,

and variety of topics, demands, we think, a very particular attention. We conceive that of a long and diversified work, divided into twenty-four letters, we cannot give the reader any adequate idea, unless by giving some account of the subject of each portion, and by making some observations on the author's method of treating it.

The first letter exhibits a general description of the Borough, and though the author says that it contains nothing which particularly calls for remark, we most decidedly dissent from this modest opinion. We agree with him when he mentions at the opening of the letter, the difficulty of describing a Borough, with its alleys, lanes, and streets, its various buildings:

‘The Town-hall turning, and the Prospect-row;

but he has ingeniously contrived to lessen or remove this obstacle, by placing his Borough close to the sea. By this artifice he is enabled to adorn his subject with the poetic aids of sea-views, shipwrecks, &c. instead of fatiguing the reader with the necessarily prosaic details of terraces and crescents. There are several beauties in this descriptive sketch, besides two pleasingly accurate pictures of a Dredger and some ‘half-naked sea boys.’ We were much struck with the following account of a storm which combines the merits of correctness and poetical representation, though perhaps the enumeration of the attending circumstances, may, by some readers, be thought too particular.

‘All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swelled and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells.’

‘Far off the petrel, in the troubled way,
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main:
High o’er the restless deep above the reach
Of gunners’ hope, vast flights of wild-ducks stretch;
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge:
Or clap the sleek white pinnion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind:
Hark to those sounds, they’re from distress at sea!
How quick they come! What terrors may there be!

Yes, 'tis a driven vessel: I discern
 Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern;
 Others behold them too, and from the town
 In various parties seamen hurry down.
 From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
 On the wild waves and all the danger shows:
 But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
 Terrific splendour! gloom in glory drest!
 This for a moment, and then clouds again
 Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.
 But hear we now those sounds? do lights appear?
 I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
 And lo! the sailors' homeward take their way:
 Man must endure—let us submit and pray' p. 10, 11, 12.

The Dutch minuteness, the particularity so observable in Mr. Crabbe's delineations, at the same time that it produces an air of truth and life, not unfrequently destroys the poetical effect which would arise from the contemplation of a whole, by confining the attention to the curiously laboured and sometimes servile development of the parts. Where the description is short, minuteness gives spirit; but if long, it degenerates into dryness and imbecility.

'The Church' is the subject of the next Letter; that is, in the sexton's sense of the work—'a Tall Building with a Tower and Bells.'

'Where priest and clerk with joint exertion strive
 To keep the ardour of their flock alive;
 That by his periods eloquent and grave,
 This by responses and a well-set stave:
 These for the living: but when life be fled,
 I toll myself the requiem for the dead.' p. 17.

In this Letter Mr. Crabbe ridicules with considerable felicity the common-place eulogies paid to the dead by the *mournful* widow, *duteous* son, and *distressed* friend, and then gives a pleasing, and affecting narrative of a real mourner in the person of an amiable girl lamenting the death of her lover. The following lines seem to us exquisitely beautiful:

'One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot:
 They spoke with cheerfulness and seem'd to think,
 Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink."
 A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard:
 She had been reading in the book of prayer,
 And led him forth and placed him in his chair;

Lively he seem'd and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear.
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He nam'd his friend; but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest;"
"I go," he said, but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught at last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.' p. 26.

The third Letter presents us with a pair of portraits, the Vicar and the Curate in the very best style of the author. The character of the mild but inanimate vicar, who is free from vice, because he is exempt from passion and feeling, who acts not wrong, because he has not energy to act at all, whose peace is never disturbed by the vices and schisms of his flock; but who feels deep chagrin because the good old christian custom of adorning churches with holly and misletoe is almost abolished; in short, whose virtue is without worth because it is without effort; whose benevolence evaporates in words; whose life is mere vegetation. This character is drawn with equal fidelity and animation.

'Fiddling and fishing were his arts: at times,
He alter'd sermons, and he aim'd at rhymes;
And his fair friends; not yet intent on cards,
Oft he amus'd with riddles and charades.'

* * * * *

'For sects he car'd not: they are not of us,
Nor need we, brethren, their concerns discuss;
But 'tis the change, the schism at home I feel;
Ills few perceive, and none have skill to heal;

* * * * *

Churches are now of holy song bereft,
And half our ancient customs chang'd or left;
Few sprigs of ivy are at Christmas seen,
Nor crimson berry tips the holly's green;

* * * * *

'The rich approv'd—of them in awe he stood;
The poor admir'd—they all believ'd him good;
The old and serious of his habits spoke,
The frank and youthful lov'd his pleasant joke;
Mamma approv'd a safe contented guest,
And miss a friend to back a small request;

In him his flock found nothing to condemn ;
 Him sect'ries lik'd—he never troubled them ;
 No trifles fail'd his yielding mind to please,
 And all his passions sank in early ease ;
 Nor one so old has left this world of sin,
 More like the being that he enter'd in.

pp. 34—36.

The history of the amiable, learned, but distressed, curate, is, we dare say, well known to most of our readers, since it has already appeared in print, and was recited at the last anniversary but one of the Literary Fund. In interest and simplicity, in charming facility of narrative, we think it may safely defy comparison with any thing similar in the whole range of English poetry.

Letter IV. After giving a concise account of Jews, Swedenburgians, Baptists, &c. our author dedicates the greater part of this letter to the description of the Calvinist and the Arminian. To render the impression more lively, he makes each of these fanatics give a specimen of his opinions in a sort of sermon versified : these copies of Methodist sermons have all the length and tediousness of their originals, without that *piquante* peculiarity of expression, which renders them so laughable in the mouths of the real preachers : the language is inanimate, prosaic, and, compared with Mr. Crabbe's usual power of satirical expression, exceedingly feeble.

We willingly pass from this subject to the next letter, which gives the history of a borough election. Here Mr. Crabbe is himself again. We believe there is nothing very original in the topics of his satire ; but we never recollect to have seen them animadverted upon with such truth and spirit. The character of the mayor is well drawn, and has sufficient probability ; yet, perhaps, one incident, though, according to Mr. Crabbe, it really occurred, is too particular to be mentioned in a general anonymous portrait. We allude to the circumstance of his being a stranger to the method of increasing money by the loan of it. The incident is more briefly described in the prose of the Preface :

* With trembling hand and dubious look, the careful man received and surveyed the bond given to him ; and after a sigh or two of lingering mistrust, he placed it in the coffer, whence he had just before taken his cash.' p. xxvi.

The incident is not the more natural and defensible because it once took place, any more than a cock with three legs is to be exhibited as a specimen of the gallinaceous genus. Mr. Crabbe ends his enumeration of the evils attendant upon an election, with the following just observation :

‘ But this admitted ; be it still agreed,
 These ill effects from noble cause proceed;
 Though like some vile excrescences they be,
 The tree they spring from is a sacred tree,
 And its true produce, strength and liberty.’ p. 74. }

The next three letters are dedicated to the professions of law and physic, and to trades. In the first, the author lashes with no unsparing hand the oppression and chicanery of certain law-practitioners, first generally and afterwards more particularly, in a striking picture of a man of the name of Swallow. This character bears a very observable resemblance to that of Sir Giles Overreach, in Massinger's play of ‘ a New Way to pay Old Debts.’ It is drawn, or rather dashed, with a bold and masterly hand ; but we hope and think that the features are exaggerated into unnatural frightfulness. In our opinion, it would not be easy for a man at the present day to rest with such undisturbed triumph in his villainy. Some honest and equally skilful lawyer would detect his enormities, and drive the wretch from a fraternity, which he disgraced. The character is too long for transcription, and to select a part of it would be injurious to the whole. Mr. Crabbe has not succeeded so well in his history of the empyric : it contains no humour, and the language is tame ; yet, at the same time, we have little doubt that some of the circumstances in it were copied from the life.

‘ Who would not lend a sympathising sigh,
 To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry ?
 That feeble sob, unlike the new-born note,
 Which came with vigour from the op'ning throat ;
 When air and light first rush'd on lungs and eyes,
 And there was life and spirit in the cries ;
 Now an abortive, faint attempt to weep
 Is all we hear ; sensation is asleep.
 The boy was healthy, and at first express'd
 His feelings loudly, when he fail'd to rest,
 When cramm'd with food, and tighten'd ev'ry limb,
 To cry aloud was what pertain'd to him ;
 Then the good nurse (who, had she borne a brain,
 Had sought the cause that made her babe complain ;)
 Has all her efforts (loving soul) applied
 To set the cry, and not the cause, aside ;
 She gave her pow'ful sweet without remorse,
 The *Sleeping Cordial*—she had tried its force,
 Repeating oft : the infant, freed from pain
 Rejected food, but took the dose again,
 Sinking to sleep ; while she her joy express'd,
 That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest :

Soon may she spare her cordial ; not a doubt
Remains, but quickly he will rest without.' pp. 100, 101.

In the Letter on Trades, we see little worthy of remark, except that towards the end, there is considerable skill displayed in the effigies of a prudent, rigid, tradesman, who rules by fear instead of mildness, and then feels anger and disappointment at seeing his wife coldly dutiful, and his children timid and reserved, instead of being cheerful, affectionate, and frank. There is a conversational air in the latter part of the episode, which gives great spirit to the sketch.

'He look'd around him—"Harriet, dost thou love?"

"I do my duty," said the timid dove;

"Good heav'n, your duty! prithee, tell me now—

To love and honour—was not that your vow?

Come, my good Harriet, I would gladly seek

Your inmost thought—why can't the woman speak?

Have you not all things?"—"Sir, do I complain?"

"No, that's my part, which I perform in vain;

I want a simple answer and direct;

But you evade; yes, 'tis as I suspect.

Come then, my children! Watt! upon your knees,

Vow that you love me."—"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Again! by heav'n, it mads me; I require

Love; and they'll do whatever I desire:

Thus too my people shun me; I would spend

A thousand pounds to get a single friend;

I would be happy; I have means to pay

For love and friendship, and you run away;

Ungrateful creatures! why, you seem to dread

My very looks; I know you wish me dead.

Come hither, Nancy! you must hold me dear;

Hither, I say; why, what have you to fear?

You see I'm gentle; come, you trifler, come;

My God, she trembles! idiot, leave the room!

Madam! your children hate me; I suppose

They know their cue; you make them all my foes;

I've not a friend in all the world, not one;

I'd be a bankrupt sooner; nay, 'tis done;

In ev'ry better hope of life I fail,

You're all tormenters, and my house a jail;

Out of my sight! I'll sit and make my will—

What! glad to go? stay, devils, and be still;

'Tis to your uncle's cot you wish to run,

To learn to live at ease and be undone;

Him you can love, who lost his whole estate,

And I, who gain your fortunes, have your hate;

'Tis in my absence you yourselves enjoy:

Tom, are you glad to lose me?—tell me, boy:

Yes, does he answer?"—"Yes, upon my soul!
 No awe, no fear, no duty, no controul!
 Away! away! ten thousand devils seize
 All I possess, and plunder when they please;
 What's wealth to me?—yes, yes, it gives me sway;
 And you shall feel it—Go, begone, I say!" pp. 114, 115.

The next four Letters are employed in describing the amusements, &c. of the Borough. In the first, where the author leads us to the sea-side, he had a favourable opportunity of depicting some of the bolder portions of marine scenery; instead of which, he chooses to dwell with the ostentatiously minute accuracy of a mere naturalist on such subjects as sea-nettles, marine vermes, &c. Although we run the hazard of being called vulgar, (for Mr. Crabbe says, these are

'Treasures the vulgar, in their scorn reject;')

yet, we cannot help wishing, he had omitted the detail of them: we allow that they are very curious and pleasing to the sight, and we have no doubt his description is perfectly correct; yet, we think that they make a sorry figure in poetry. We could not help smiling at the following passage:

'All scenes like these the tender maid should shun,
 Nor to a misty beech in autumn run;
 Much should she guard against the ev'ning cold,
 And her slight shape with fleecy warmth infold;
 This she admits; but not with so much ease,
 Gives up the night-walk where th' attendants please:
 Her have I seen, pale, vapour'd, through the day,
 With crowded parties at the midnight play;
 Faint in the morn; no powers could she exert,
 At night with Pam delighted and alert;
 In a small shop she's ruffled with a crowd,
 Breath'd the thick air, and cough'd and laugh'd aloud;
 She who will tremble if her eye explore
 "The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor;"
 Whom the kind doctor charg'd with shaking head,
 At early hour to quit the beaux for bed;
 She has, contemning fear, gone down the dance,
 Till she perceiv'd the rosy morn advance;
 Then she has wonder'd, fainting o'er her tea,
 Her drops and julip should so useless be;
 Ah! sure her joys must ravish ev'ry sense,
 Who buys a portion at such vast expence.' pp. 124, 125.

Now, this advice is very good, quite *secundum artem*; but it would have suited Dr. Buchan's Domestic Medicine better than a descriptive poem. Nevertheless, as it is really very prudent

counsel, we recommend it to all young ladies ; who, perhaps, will listen to advice from a poet, which they would spurn from a physician ; and if they reject it, it will make a valuable addition to the receipt-book of all good medical house-wives. The letter ends with a long rigmarole story of a party of pleasure, who landed on an islet, and their boat having drifted, were in danger of being overwhelmed by the rising of the tide. Now, there is nothing very laughable in all this ; but really the narrative is given in so prolix and gossiping a style, that we felt more inclined to titter than to sympathise with the unfortunate sufferers.

In the card-table squabble in the tenth Letter, there is some ease and considerable humour ; and we dare say, the traits are not all exaggerated. The whole style of this letter, and indeed of the greater part of the volume, strongly reminds us of Cowper's manner in some of those strangely neglected conversational pieces, which breathe the very soul of Horace ; but we have not here Cowper's smartness and dexterity of address. There is a good description of drunkenness in this letter ; but the club of smokers, and indeed the whole of the dissertation on 'Social Meetings,' could not fail, unfortunately, to call to our recollection the very facetious essay of Goldsmith on the same subject ; and, on comparison, though Mr. Crabbe's introduction is good, the interrupted dialogue of the smoking brethren is infinitely beneath the richly humorous conversation in the essay to which we have above alluded.

In the Letter on Inns, Mr. Crabbe descants at some length on the difficulty of handling this subject in verse. Now there does not appear to us a whit more difficult in this than any other subject, which he has versified without the least apparent suspicion of untractability. We see nothing particular in this letter except the story with which it concludes ; and that has some merit.

Letter XII. Mr. Crabbe here inveighs with considerable severity, yet we think with more of sorrow than of anger, against the strolling players. The follies, the miseries, and the vices, of this Thespian race, by turns, excite our laughter, our sorrow, and our detestation ; and we think that Mr. Crabbe could not have employed his talents better than in holding out to the young and thoughtless the real picture of that state of life, which has too many charms for the idle and the inexperienced. There is a particularly beautiful portrait of the poor vain milliner, seduced from her decent employment to this life of vice and wretchedness ; and we recommend to all idle, disobedient lads, whether collegians or apprentices,

whether educated or illiterate. Mr. Crabbe's striking History of Frederick Thompson. We cannot leave this letter, without quoting the following exquisite address to the strolling tribe:

'Sad, happy race! soon rais'd and soon depress'd,
Your days all past in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warn'd by mis'ry, not enriched by gain;
Whom justice, pitying, chides from place to place,
A wand'ring, careless, wretched, merry race;
Who cheerful looks assume, and play the parts
Of happy rovers with repining hearts;
Then cast off care, and in the mimic pain
Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain:
Distress and hope—the mind's, the body's wear,
The man's affliction, and the actor's tear:
Alternate times of fasting and excess
Are your's, ye smiling children of distress.' p. 105.

The XIIIth, XIVth, XVth, and XVIth Letters contain an account of the Alms-house, its trustees, and inhabitants. The character of Mr. Denys Brand, and his 'pride that affects humility,' afford one proof, among many others, of Mr. Crabbe's power of keen observation. The character of Blaney, the old man with young vices, and the corrupt and frivolous Clelia, deserve to be repeatedly read for their great moral utility. The author has thought proper to apologize in his Preface for the portrait of Benbow: this was perfectly unnecessary, since it is perhaps the most useful character in the book. It is a lively picture of those worthless scoundrels, who are called *honest fellows*, because they get drunk with every body, and have the ignorant sort of good nature to be friends with every body over the bottle.

The best parts of the XVIIth Letter are a glowing description of a recovered patient, (which, however, is far beneath that most animated one in Gray's Ode on Vicissitude,) and the character of Eusebius, whom revilings and slander only stimulated to greater exertions of virtue.

Of the XVIIIth Letter we shall merely observe that its description of 'the large building, let out to several poor inhabitants,' is a specimen of his best and worst style. It has accuracy, truth, and vigour; but at the same time, is painfully and disgustingly minute.

Letters XIX, XX, XXI, and XXII. In these four Letters, we are presented with as many characters. The parish-clerk and the clerk in office, which the author in his Preface mentions, as perhaps too similar, needed not this

apology. It is true they both fall from uprightness to vice; but in every feature which denotes character, they are totally dissimilar. The story of Jachin is told with most skill: after describing, with considerable humour, the rigid formalities of this cold-blooded pharisee, Mr. Crabbe very properly assumes a grave tone when treating of his crimes. Pope, in his character of Sir Balaam, to which, in some respects, this tale bears a resemblance, has not been equally cautious: he jokes throughout; and consigns his unhappy sinner to the gallows and the devil, with the same unconcerned levity as when he is talking of his additional pudding and gifts of farthings to the poor. Perhaps this gaiety suited Pope's Essay better than a more serious tone; but it would certainly have been indecorous and very ill placed in the Rev. Mr. Crabbe's narrative. It would be doing an injury to this exquisitely drawn character to give a partial quotation from it; and our limits will, by no means, admit us to give the whole.

We have little to remark on the very inferior story of the simple Abel Keene, who, in old age commences a *beau garçon* and a free-thinker, except that we wish that when he had hanged himself, he had not left behind such an immeasurably long account of his groanings and his crimes. To be serious, Mr. Crabbe seldom seems to know when he has said enough: his best thoughts are frequently amplified till what we began to read with pleasure is finished with a long and drawing yawn.

The story of Ellen Orford is indeed a pathetic tale, full of real woe, and is well introduced by a judicious and happy ridicule of the fantastic sorrows and absurd miseries, depicted in modern novels and romances.

Peter Grimes; the subject of the twenty-second Letter, is a male Brownrigg, a ruffian who murders his three apprentices, after having 'dealt the sacrilegious blow

'On the bare head, and laid his parent low.'

The greater part of this hideous story is told in the Ordinary of Newgate style; but the conclusion, where the dying villain pours the wild effusions of his guilt-distracted brain, is drawn with terrific strength.

'I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop:
I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
And smil'd upon the oar, and down they went.

' Now, from that day, whenever I began
 To dip my net, there stood the hard old man;
 He and those boys! I humbled me and pray'd
 They would be gone;—they heeded not, but stay'd;
 Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
 But gazing on the spirits, there was I;
 They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die:
 And ev'ry day, as sure as day arose,
 Would these three spirits meet me e'er the close;
 To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
 And 'come,' they said with weak, sad, voices, 'come.'
 To row away with all my strength I tried,
 But then were they, hard by me in the tide,
 The three unbodied forms—and 'come,' still 'come, they
 cried.' }
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pp. 310—311.

Letter XXIII. Mr. Crabbe, alluding to this letter on prisons, apologizes in his Preface, for detaining his reader so long with the detail of gloomy subjects; but remarks that the melancholy impression, which they are so calculated to make on the mind, cannot be injurious, because the real evils of life, which are continually before us, produce no lasting or serious effects; and he adds, that it is a profitable exercise of the mind to contemplate the evils and miseries of our nature. We agree with him perfectly in this reasoning; but, at the same time, we recollect that pleasure is a very material, and by most esteemed the chief, end of poetry. Now this pleasure is weakened, and even changed to disgust, by repeated stories of woe: surely, some method might have been found to intermix the cheerful with the mournful, that both the reader's pleasure and instruction might be unabated. We see no reason why all the poor of the Borough, on whose history Mr. Crabbe enlarges, should be either atrociously criminal or heart-rendingly unfortunate: the scene might have admitted some poor, but cheerful, old gossip, some veteran,

'Should'ring his crutch and shewing how fields were won,'
 and many others, which we should have thought must have occurred to the very extensive observation, for which the author seems particularly eminent. There are two passages, which strike us as worthy of notice in this letter. The first is the somewhat ingenious comparison of a prison to Homer's description of the heathen Elysium. The next is the history of the highwayman; and above all his dream:

'Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
 Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
 Then come his sister and his village friend,
 And he will now the sweetest moments spend

Life has to yield :—No ! never will he find
 Again on earth such pleasure in his mind :
 He goes through shrubby walks these friends among
 Love in their looks and honour in their tongue ;
 Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows ;
 Pierc'd by no crime and urg'd by no desire
 For more than true and honest hearts require,
 They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
 Through the green lane—then linger in the mead ;
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
 And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum ;
 Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
 And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
 Where dwarfish flow'rs among the gorse are spread,
 And the lamb browses by the linnets' bed ;
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
 O'er its rough bridge—and then behold the bay !
 * * * * *

Now, arm in arm, now parted, they behold
 The glitt'ring waters on the shingles roll'd :
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
 And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
 Or lie, like pictures, on the sand below ;
 With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon ;
 And those live lucid jellies, which the eye
 Delights to trace, as they swim glitt'ring by ;
 Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
 And will arrange above the parlour-fire :
 Tokens of bliss !—"Oh ! horrible !"—a wave
 Roars as it rises—save me, Edward, save !"
 She cries :—Alas ! the watchman on his way
 Calls and lets in—truth, terror, and the day. pp. 325, 326.

This appears to us extremely beautiful : it was no common skill to invent so pleasing a dream, to alleviate the horrors of the prison ; and the fondness, with which Mr. Crabbe dwells on this last shadowy pleasure of the wretched convict, convinces us of his benevolence.

Letter XXIV. and last, treats of Schools and Colleges, and contains an interesting description of the mistress of a charity-school. The character of the boy-bully reminds us of Cowper's *Tirocinium* ; and the account of college-honours and their effects is perfectly correct.—Mr. Crabbe concludes by hoping, that malice may never be predicated of his portraits : quite the contrary ; in the midst of all his severity, we see a very good-natured mind, and one that never, except

in the instance of the Methodists, at all exaggerates human folly, though it must be confessed, that the author is rather fond of dwelling on the weak side of human nature. But we fear that men, who have seen much, if they tell what they see; must unfortunately communicate more evil, than good, respecting their species.

(Upon the whole, we think, that the fame, which Mr. Crabbe has obtained, for simplicity, for pathos; for fidelity and spirit of descriptive satire, will be rather increased than shaken by the present publication; since his faults, though numerous, and even considerable, bear but a very small proportion to the great and various beauties which adorn his work.)

(In the present age of accurate orthography, punctuation, and typography, it is quite shameful to see the slovenly manner, in which either the reviser of the proof-sheets, or the printer of this volume has executed his task.)

ART. X.—*Ancient Irish Histories. The Works of Spenser, Campion, Hanmer, and Marleburrow. In two Volumes, 8vo. Reprinted, at the Hibernia Press, Dublin, 1809.*

ART. XI.—*The Life and Acts of Saint Patrick, the Archbishop, Primate, and Apostle of Ireland, now first translated from the original Latin of Jocelin, the Cistercian Monk of Furnes, who flourished in the early Part of the 12th Century. With the Elucidations of David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory. By Edmund L. Swift, Esq. At the Hibernia Press; 1809, 1 vol. 8vo.*

WHATEVER may be advanced to the contrary by some lively philosophers, we remain of opinion that the demand which exists for the revival and dissemination of ancient histories, especially those relating to our own country, is among the most favourable symptoms of modern improvement. No curiosity can be so rational as that which induces mankind to inquire into the lives and actions of preceding generations, and neither the learned gentlemen who priding themselves on their taste for black letter lore, exclaim against the diffusion of knowledge which they have been led to consider as exclusively their own property, nor the despicable herd of mere collectors who see with horror the price of their literary treasures diminished by the circulation of reprinted copies, can ever draw from our eyes a single drop of compas-

sion for their miseries, when we reflect that the participation which so grievously offends them is a source of useful instruction to many more worthy than themselves, and more able to improve by the possession. Another general observation occurs to us, on this subject with which we will conclude our preface. The circulation of ancient histories being admitted to be an object of general usefulness, it is very ungracious in critics to display their erudition at the expence of those whose labours are conducive to this desirable end, by pointing out, not in what respects the individual work may be ill executed, but how far some other work may in their opinion have been more advantageous to the public. Let these supercilious gentlemen, instead of condemning what is done because something else might have been better, betake themselves to filling up the more important desideratum which their sagacity has discovered, and the public will be much more obliged to them than for their criticisms.

But however desirable and praiseworthy such undertakings as those we have been noticing may be in England, we hail with still greater satisfaction the commencement of similar labours in our sister island, which has so long laboured under the imputation of backwardness and indifference in literary pursuits. In the present state of Ireland the advantages to be derived from a literary stimulus once only excited in the mass of the people do strike us as indeed incalculable. We are ignorant of the circumstances under which the reprint of the 'ancient histories' now submitted to our inspection was originally undertaken, any farther than as we may be able to conjecture, than from the dedication by the company of the Hibernia press to the Dublin Society, by which it is at least evident that the designs of the proprietors are as extensive as the patronage they have received is honourable and public; and that the two volumes now presented to the world are intended to be only the precursors of more important works. For the information of readers on this side the Channel, however, we wish that the proprietors had been more explanatory as to themselves, their motives, and ultimate objects.

The first article in this collection, is, Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland,' written in 1596; which is followed in the same volume by Campion's History of Ireland. Hammer's Chronicle, with Henry Marleburrow's short and meagre continuation, occupy the second volume. Of Spenser's admirably instructive and entertaining dialogue it is unnecessary to say any thing in this place. Edmund Campion published his history in 1571, and dedicated it to the Earl of Leicester, at that time the court favourite. The earlier part

of it is little more than an abridgment of Giraldu Cam-
brensis, with the continuation down to 1370. From thence
to the beginning of Henry the Eighth he speaks much of the
difficulties which attended his undertaking from the want of
regular historical documents. Nevertheless he adds, 'I
scamble forward with such records as could be sought up,
and am enforced to be the briefer;' and brief enough he cer-
tainly is, comprising the whole period in about twenty pages.
For the remainder down to his own time (ending with the ter-
mination of lord deputy Sidney's administration.)

'I took,' says he, 'information by mouth, whatsoever I bring
besides these helps, either mine own observation hath found it,
or some friend hath enformed me, or common opinion hath re-
ceived it, or I reade it in a pamphlet, or if the author be worthy
the naming I quote him in the margent.'

His readers will certainly wish that he could have been a
little less *brief* in his collections with respect to this portion
of his work also; but nevertheless, such as it is, the matter
being original, it forms by much the most valuable part of
his book.

Dr. Hanmer's Chronicle was collected (that is, we ima-
gine, *begun* to be collected) in 1571; but he carries it down
no lower than the year 1284, being carried off by the plague
in 1604, while in the midst of his labours; and thus we have
to regret the untimely breaking off of the only really learned
and systematic history of Ireland which had been at that time,
or was for a long while after, attempted to be written. Henry
Marleburrow's continuation goes down to 1421. All their
histories are now reprinted from an edition by the stationers
of Dublin in 1633, which was undertaken under the direction
(as we imagine) of Sir James Ware, whose original dedica-
tions to lord deputy Wentworth (the Earl of Strafford) ap-
pear in their proper places.

We must now attend to the second publication which we
have joined with the former in this article, because issuing
from the same press, and connected with the same subject
of Irish antiquities, although not forming a part of the same
general undertaking; 'the Life and Acts of Saint Patrick.'
Of the author of this singular performance, we are informed
by the translator, that he was a monk of the Cistercian
order, in the monastery of Furnes, about the beginning of the
12th century, and that with this notitia, scanty as it is, his
readers must rest satisfied. The present translation appears
to have been made from the '*Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*,'
compiled by Thomas Messingham, an Irish priest, and pub-

lished at Paris in 1624, accompanied with marginal notes, and elucidations, by David Rothe, Bp. of Ossory, which (in the eye of a protestant reader, at least) add very little to the value of the original. On this original itself some observations by the translator are annexed, which look as if he 'half believed the wonders' he has been engaged in propagating. Without entering with him into the question, 'whether implicit belief be not at least as safe as absolute scepticism,' (especially in such doctrines as the radiant tooth and stone-splitting saliva of the apostle) we are willing enough to grant him that there seems no sufficient reason for disbelieving the existence of St. Patrick, or that he preached in Ireland by pontifical authority, and, as to his *grand miracle* of freeing the island from all poisonous animals, it may, if Mr. Swift so pleases, be taken as typical of his expelling the old serpent, though we are rather inclined to give it a literal interpretation, together with precisely the same degree of credit that we bestow on the brightness of eternal light shining about his fingers, and the fire seen to issue from his mouth. On the whole, our opinion of the 'Life and Acts of Saint Patrick' is, that as a legend it is neither less entertaining nor less authentic than most of those in the Roman Martyrology, and as a performance of the 12th century, that it is creditable both to the style and to the invention of its author. We shall not contradict the principle laid down in the commencement of this article, by expressing a doubt whether Mr. Swift might not have employed his leisure for antiquarian research more profitably than in making this translation; and shall only say that he has adopted the language and phraseology best suited to his subject, of which, as well as the general tenor of the miracles here recorded (as to which 'it may be questioned if implicit belief be not at least as safe as absolute scepticism.') We shall now treat our readers with one or two specimens.

Chapter IX.—*Of the Cow freed from an evil Spirit, and five other Cows restored to Health.*

'The aunt who had nursed Saint Patrick, had many cows, one of which was tormented with an evil spirit; and immediately the cow became mad, and tore with her feet, and butted with her horns, and wounded five other cows, and dispersed the rest of the herd. And the owners of the herd lamented the mishap, and the cattle fled from her fury as from the face of a lion. But the boy Patrick being armed with faith, went forward and making the sign of the cross, freed the cow from the vexation of the evil

spirit; then drawing near to the wounded and prostrate cows, having first prayed, he blessed them, and restored them all even to their former health. And the cow being released from the evil spirit, well knowing her deliverer, approached with bended head, licking the feet and hands of the boy, and turned every beholder to the praise of God, and the veneration of Patrick.'

Chapter XX.—How he was again made Captive, and released by the Miracle of the Kettle.

'But Patrick departing from the company of his fellow travellers, that he might prove how many are the tribulations of the just, through which they must enter into the kingdom of heaven, fell into the hands of strangers, by whom he was taken and detained; and while his spirit was afflicted within him, the Father of Mercies and God of all consolation sent the Angel *Victor* in the wonted manner to comfort him, promising that in a short time he should be released from the hands of his captors: and how truly was made the angelic promise did its speedy fulfilment shew, which followed even in the space of two months; for the barbarians sold him to a certain man in the neighbourhood for a kettle: how small a purchase for so precious a merchandize! But when the vessel that had been bought with such a price, was filled with water, and placed as usual on the hearth to dress their victuals, behold it received no heat; and so much the hotter the fire burned, so much the colder did it become; and fuel being heaped thereon, the flame raged without, but the water within was frozen, as if ice had been placed under instead of fire. And they laboured exceedingly thereat; but their labour was vain, and the rumour went every where through the country; and the purchaser thinking it to have been done by enchantment, returned his kettle to the seller, and took Patrick again into his own power,' &c. &c.

Chapter LXXXVII.—How the Tooth of Saint Patrick shone in the River.

'And on a time the saint with his holy company passed over to a certain river named *Dabhall*; and for that the day declined and the evening came on, he prepared to pass the night near the bank, and pitched his tent on a fair plain. And approaching the water, he washed his hands and his mouth, and with his most pious fingers he rubbed his gums and his teeth, but through age or infirmity, one of his teeth by chance, or rather by the divine will, dropped out of his

mouth into the water; and his disciples sought it diligently in the stream, yet with all their long and careful search found they it not. But in the darkness of the night the tooth lying in the river shone as a radiant star, and the brightness thereof attracted all who dwelled near to behold and to admire. And the tooth so miraculously discovered is brought unto the saint; and he and all around him offer thanks to the Almighty, who had brought this thing to pass; and on that spot he builded a church, and deposited the tooth beneath the altar. The which is famed for divers miracles, and even to this day is called *Cluayn Fiacal*; that is, *The Church of the Tooth*. And the tooth of Saint Patrick, like a radiant star, shone by the same divine grace, whereby at the prayer of Sampson the conqueror of the Philistines, a fountain of water streamed forth from the jaw bone of an ass. And this church is distant about five miles from the metropolitan city of Ardmachia.

Chapter CXLVIII.—*A Goat bleateth in the Stomach of a Thief.*

'The blessed Patrick had a goat, which carried water for his service; and to this the animal was taught, not by any artifice, but rather by a miracle. And a certain thief stole the goat, and eat, and swallowed it. And the author or instigator of the theft is enquired: and one who by evident tokens had incurred suspicion, is accused; but not only denieth he the fact, but adding perjury unto theft, endeavoureth he to acquit himself by an oath. Wonderous was the event to be told, yet more wonderful to come to pass. The goat which was swallowed in the stomach of the thief, bleated loudly forth, and proclaimed the merit of Saint Patrick; and to the encrease of this miracle it happened, that at the command, nay rather at the sentence of the saint all the posterity of this man were marked with the beard of a goat.'

A 'Tractate on the several names of Ireland' completes the contents of this strange volume of absurdities; its principal object is to prove the antiquity of the country in giving name to the opposite shores of North Britain. The controversy among the learned of both nations on this subject at the time when Messingham wrote, ran very high; but it is needless to enter in this place on the particulars of a literary dispute which has long ceased to agitate the breasts of scholars and antiquaries.

Both the publications which we have now noticed, appear to us strangely deficient in not setting forth by means of a

short explanatory preface the history of the works which are reprinted in them. For instance, in what manner, and under what patronage the first publication of the Irish histories was undertaken, of which the present is little more than a reprint, we are left to collect any where but where an *English* reader would expect to find them, in some notice or advertisement prefixed to the book itself; and as for Father Messingham, he might never have known that such a person existed, and still less that Jocelin's *Life of St. Patrick* was included in his *Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*, but for the obscure intimation of Louis the Thirteenth's licence, affixed (we cannot at first tell for what reason) to the conclusion of the work. This is still more strikingly the case in the Tractate above-mentioned, which we had actually read through before we could determine with any certainty whether the original honour of it was due to Father Messingham, or his translator, or to the pious Jocelin himself. Nor at this moment can we tell who was David Rothe, bishop of Ossory, on what occasion he composed his erudite elucidations, or how they first found their way into Messingham's *Florilegium*. In works of this nature it is of the highest importance that there should be no want of clear and methodical explanation on prefatory subjects.

ART. XII.—*A Picture of Verdun, or the English detained in France; their Arrestation, Detention at Fontainbleau and Valenciennes, Confinement at Verdun, Incarceration at Bitsche, Amusements, Sufferings, Indulgences granted to some, Acts of Extortion and Cruelty practised on others, Characters of General and Madame Wirion, List of those who have been permitted to leave or who have escaped out of France, occasional Poetry, and Anecdotes of the principal Detenus. From the Portfolio of a Detenu.* London, Hookham, 1810, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE detention of the English travellers in France, on the commencement of hostilities, was not only a gross violation of the rights of hospitality, but a departure from the usages of war, as practised by civilized nations. The detention of the French merchant ships in the English ports at the same period, and before any formal declaration of war, is perhaps equally unjustifiable in itself, though less contrary to the com-

mon practice, which is the only apology which can be offered for this and for many other enormities.

Whatever may be the military propensities of Buonaparte, he appears to have been forced into the present contest much against his inclination, as was evident from his unreserved conversation with Lord Whitworth, the total want of preparation in his ports, and, above all, from the consideration of his interest, which he then felt to be adverse to the renewal of the war. He was not at that time declared emperor; and he could not have thought that the events of war would be so favourable, as they have proved, to his schemes of personal aggrandizement.

When Lord Whitworth quitted Paris, the irritable temperament of the first consul flamed with resentment, which he seemed resolved to gratify to the utmost possible extent, without being restrained by any of those generous sentiments, which seldom forsake a magnanimous mind, when placed in an elevated situation. Buonaparte, however, seems often influenced a good deal by what is called *temper*; and, from not having served an early noviciate in the formularies of courtly *politesse*, he has not learned to smother or to conceal his occasional ebullitions of petulance and spleen. This was very evident in his conduct to Lord Whitworth at his levee.

All the angry and malevolent passions, which can vex the bosom of an individual, seem to have operated on the volition of Buonaparte, when he issued the barbarous order which doomed so many English travellers to a state of captivity, which, in many instances, appears to have been aggravated by the most wanton cruelty and the most unprincipled extortion. Whether this cruelty and extortion were practised by Buonaparte himself, or by his agents, by his express injunctions, or by his tacit connivance, the guilt of the measure must be laid to his account. He, who has so many spies in every part of France, and who is more distrustful of his friends than his enemies, could not have been ignorant, that General Wipion, and other persons at Verdun, practised the most revolting inhumanity and injustice against the English prisoners in that place. But a great despot always engenders, as if, by specific contagion, a huge progeny of minor tyrants, who are eager to emulate the oppression of their superior, and who consequently make all, within the sphere of their power, feel the scourge of their insolent domination.

We shall confine our present account to the treatment of the prisoners at *Verdun*, without detailing any circumstances relative to the other *depots* where our unfortunate countrymen

were confined. The number of *prisoners of peace* (the author calls them *detenus*, but we prefer the former term, as furnishing the best opposite to *prisoners of war*) at Verdun, amounted on the third of December, 1805, to

‘one hundred and nine persons of distinction (*qualifiés*) seven artisans, and forty-one servants, all named in the *appel-book*. In 1807, the one hundred *detenus* were marched back again to Verdun from Valenciennes; but a number having since been allowed to reside in different towns, and some few having made their escape, there are probably about two hundred *detenus* at present (1809) in Verdun, and one hundred in the different towns and prisons in France.

‘The number of prisoners of war at Verdun has generally amounted to four hundred, consisting chiefly of naval officers, and masters of merchant ships; and including a few officers of the army, who had been shipwrecked on the French coast, and some passengers who had been taken on their voyage from the East Indies. Add to these, some common seamen, who, instead of being sent to Givet or Saarlouis, the usual dépôts for sailors, were permitted to remain at Verdun, at the intercession of any persons of respectability, who would take them into their service.

‘Though at the first detention of the Englishmen, their wives and children were permitted to leave the republic, several of our countrywomen had not availed themselves of this permission, but were resolved to share the fate of their husbands. Thus there were about twenty English families, some of which of the highest respectability, established at Verdun. The presence of these ladies contributed no doubt to the *agremens* of the dépôt. But other husbands when they saw them reduced to the humiliation of paying court to a poissade like Madame Wirion, congratulated themselves that they had insisted upon their wives returning to England.’

On the arrival of the English at Verdun, there were but three or four good shops; but the inhabitants soon began to speculate on the wealth of their new visitors. The shops were embellished without, and filled with a rich display of finery within; and the shopkeepers’ wives and daughters added the attractions of silk and muslin to their attire. The price of every article of food and clothing was exorbitantly increased; and lodgings were let for more by the month than they had formerly fetched by the year. As the lodgers were not suffered to change their residence without the permission of General Wirion, this gentleman, who seems to have been totally destitute of probity, was thus enabled to favour, or to spite, any particular individual, either among the townsmen or the prisoners, as it might suit his humour, or his interest.

One of the humiliating circumstances to which the English were obliged to submit once, and afterwards, twice a day, was a roll-call, as if they had been so many school-boys; and we must confess that the conduct of some of them exhibited as much thoughtless folly as any boys at Eton, or Westminster ever displayed. When any of the *prisoners of peace* missed the call, and did not appear to write down their names in a book at the *maison de ville*, they were amerced half-a-crown; and the *gendarmes* lost not a moment in levying the fine. An Englishman, who had the courage to inveigh against this scandalous imposition, was marched, like a culprit, to the fortress of Bitsche, where he was immured many months for this indignity offered to the *regular government* of the great nation. The roll-call seems to have been doubled, in order to put more money into the pocket of the *gendarmes*. Those who were fond of indulging in bed in the morning, paid a regular sum every month to a French doctor to have their names inscribed on the sick list. Doctor Madan is said to have derived a comfortable supply by this means; and Wirion is supposed to have had a share in the emoluments.

The despotic caprice of Wirion was sometimes seen in dispensing with the appearance of particular individuals at the roll-call, except on every fifth day. But the persons, who were most the objects of this indulgence, were those 'who had invited him to dinner the oftenest, whose equipages he might command,' who made him presents of costly delicacies, or who lost their money to him at cards.

No Englishman could pass the gates of Verdun to spend a few hours in the country without a permission from the general. This permission was on a printed paper, and was delivered to the *gendarmes* at the gates, and the individual received it again on his return. The following will show some of the little freaks of despotic power:

'It frequently happened that when the English presented their passports to the *gendarmes*, expecting to be permitted to go out as usual, they were informed that the general had ordered that no prisoner should be permitted to go out of the town that day. These prohibitions were dictated by the whim of the moment, or for reasons which he never condescended to explain. Perhaps a society might have ordered a dinner at a neighbouring village, when they were unexpectedly disappointed by one of these prohibitions; and the next day they were obliged to pay for a repast of which they had not partaken. How humiliating this treatment was, when ladies had been invited to the party, as they had the permission to walk, though their lords and masters, had not. At first it was understood that these permissions were

sufficient for those who wished to ride out, as well as as for those who walked out of the town on foot ; but e'er long, General Wirion required, that those who wished to ride out on horseback, or in a carriage, should solicit a permission extraordinary. This was probably a caprice of importance, to reduce some of the *detenus* to the humiliation of begging a favour ; for no one had made his escape on horseback, which alone could be a reason for the prohibition.

' A *detenu*, who supported himself by horse-dealing, being caught in a shower, borrowed a great coat from an inhabitant of a neighbouring village, who came to Verdun, and demanded an exorbitant sum for some slight damage which it had received. The *detenu* offered an indemnity, which every one whom he consulted judged more than reasonable, or proposed to let the cause be brought before a court of justice ; when the general threatened the poor horse-dealer, that if he refused to pay what the other demanded, he would take away his permission to ride out on horseback or in a carriage, which would have deprived him of his livelihood.'

The English, among other expedients for alleviating the leaden wing of time, during their tedious confinement, instituted various clubs, at which General Wirion seems to have prohibited all games of hazard, as he did not like that the English should lose their money any where but at a bank, *in the profits of which he had a share.*

' A set of black-legs, soon after our arrival at Verdun, had come down from Paris, and kept a bank of *Rouge and Noir* ; sometimes in a room at the playhouse, at others, in a large saloon at one of the coffee-houses. The bank was open from one at noon till five, and recommenced at eight in the evening, and continued all night. The sums of money lost by the English were considerable. Many lost a thousand pounds, others more ; and though some individuals at first might have won, they continued to play till they had lost all their winnings. Not only men of fortune, but lieutenants of the navy, midshipmen, and masters of merchant vessels, could not resist the temptation. Persons who before had never touched a card in their lives, and who, had they not been detained in France, probably never would, were, from want of occupation, from mere *ennui*, induced to risk half-a-crown, till the passion grew upon them, and then to regain their losings, plunged deeper and deeper into difficulties. Every night some drunken man came reeling in from the dinner-table, particularly, as a number of prostitutes acted as decoy ducks, and were in league with the bankers. It is impossible to guess at the profits of the bank ; but this honourable association of sharpers could afford to pay ten louis a month for the saloon at Thierry's coffee-house, an immense sum in a country town.'

We should not omit to mention, that the French were expressly forbidden to play at this bank, at which the *cullible* English so lavishly squandered their money. The keepers of the gaming-tables were compelled to pay Wirion no less a sum than five louis d'or a day, for permission to *shear his English sheep*. The disinterested pastor would otherwise have shut them up in their fold every night at nine o'clock.

Some dazzling prostitutes were opportunely stationed near the gaming-rooms on purpose to officiate as decoys to the English dupes. These *ladies* received a stipend proportioned to their *merits*. Our inconsiderate and extravagant countrymen established horse races at Verdun. They were at great expence in preparing a course for the purpose about three miles from the town. A jockey club was also formed; and every *ignoramus* became instantly an adept in the science of horse-flesh. But Gen. Wirion, who seems to have been a most able *financier*, perfectly skilled in the art of levying contributions, and turning every thing to profit, determined to make the frequenters of these equestrian games pay for their sport. The general, at first, exacted about eight guineas a day during the races; and when he found that the good-humoured and pliant Mr. John Bull made no resistance to this glaring imposition, Monsieur Wirion, very liberally, raised the tax on every race-day to fifty louis.

Sometimes General Wirion would abruptly issue an order that no race should take place at the time fixed, till his volition was agreeably changed by a *golden shower*. At other times his excellency would take a share in a bet where the odds were decidedly in favour of any horse.

Many of our countrymen were so gallant as to take some French *elegante* under their *protection*. Ladies of this description were converted by Wirion, and the commissary of police, who seems to have trod in his steps, into a means of revenue.

'Every nymph, in the first style,' says the author, 'paid a louis d'or a month, those of an inferior order, six livres, or five shillings, to the magistrates of the town.'

We select the following from the account which the author gives of General Wirion, who appears to furnish no bad specimen of the low, sordid, and unprincipled characters, which the revolution has raised to the highest situations in modern France.

'General Wirion is a sharp, shrewd man, polite, and even affecting condescension. While some of the English would have turned into another street in order to avoid him, others paid him the meanest court. When they met him on the promenade and bowed to him, he returned their salute with the air of protection of a sovereign prince; but if any prisoner ventured to differ from him, he would bear no controul, but flew into the greatest passion. He conducted himself during the first months with propriety; but his moderation was only assumed; he was a cool-headed, designing, scoundrel. Like Hamlet's uncle, he could smile, and smile, and be a villain. Had an order come down from Paris to have all the English marched out, and shot upon the parade, he probably would have executed it with the greatest *sang froid*; but the wolf soon let fall the sheep's clothing, and exposed his natural deformity.

'General Wirion was the son of a *charcutier*, or pork-dealer in Picardy; and though an attorney's clerk before the revolution, he, upon every occasion, affected a contempt for his ancient calling. No ancient *gentilhomme d'epee* could have looked down with more *fierté* on an *homme de robe* than this Bow-street officer in regimentals did upon every civilian. When Mr. Christie had escaped out of the town, "'Tis clear," said Wirion, "he is a lousy quill-driver; the ink is still sticking to his fingers' ends."

A mulatto girl of infamous character had sworn a child to one of the prisoners of peace.

'This gentleman, conscious that he had no claims to the honours of paternity, consulted a French attorney, who answered, that no law in France could oblige him to support the child of a notorious prostitute. The girl applied to Wirion, who sent for the gentleman, but he pleaded the law in his favour. Wirion flew into a violent passion, told him that he was *above law*, that he had him in his power, that he could do with him what he pleased, and ordered him to pay forty louis down, and give a note of hand for forty louis more, payable in a year. He was at first desirous that the money should be deposited in his own hands; but this the gentleman, probably to the advantage of the girl, declined. This may give one an idea of French liberty, and French hospitality. When a French general declares himself *above law*, what must be the state of freedom in a country where there are five hundred generals. I will not discuss the point whether this gentleman ought to have supported the child or not; but he could only be considered as a stranger travelling in France, or as a prisoner of war. In the first case, he was only amenable to the laws of the country; in the second, to the laws of war; and yet had he opposed the general's dictates, he would undoubtedly have been sent off to Bitsche. Moreover, the sum of eighty pounds would have been exorbitant beyond example

in France, even though this paternity had been bordering on certainty.'

We are sorry to find that our countrymen showed such mean and fawning complaisance to General Wirion as they appear to have done in many instances, which probably only encouraged his upstart insolence.

'Every day,' says the author, 'he received invitations from some of the *détenus*. At the same time that several were starving upon the three sous a day which they received from the French government, others were running into every expence, to have the honour of entertaining their jailor. Many who seemed to have adopted the maxim of lighting a candle to the devil, paid him visits of ceremony, and courted him upon every opportunity. Upon his return from Paris, after an absence of some months, two of the principal *détenus* purchased each a pineapple, a delicacy of enormous price in France, *pour en faire hommage a son excellence*. When the *détenus* were about to perform an English play on the Verdun theatre, one of the principal actors wrote to the general, to request that he would fix upon his box, in order that it might be decorated with festoons of flowers, a distinction sometimes paid to a princess upon her birth-day, but never, even in the courtly country of Germany, to a prince.'

'Some of the English had villas in the neighbourhood, where they passed the day, and where they were ambitious of the honour of treating the general. He often only half accepted the invitation, and only answered, "perhaps;" that is, if he received no invitation that pleased him better; and after putting the invitor to an extraordinary expence, and keeping the company waiting, he never made his appearance.

'In June, 1805, he invited himself to dine with Mr. Humphrey Bowles, at his villa. The company were waiting for his arrival, when he sent an excuse, but promised that he would dine with him on the following Sunday, and joined the list of the English, whom he desired might be invited to meet him. No prince of the blood could have carried things with so high a hand. What would England say, should a Bow-street officer presume to dictate to a French prisoner what persons he should invite to have the honour to meet him. But arrogance alone was not visible in his conduct, it was a master-piece of finesse. He had invited the English most addicted to play to the house of a hospitable landlord, where the bottle had the quickest circulation. The guests were assembled, but no general. He sent a second excuse, but promised to meet the company in the evening at the same gentleman's house in town. The society met there, heated by wine; he arrived cool and collected, set them down to *Boullotte*, a game which few Englishmen, even when

perfectly sober are able to play, and fleeced them of one hundred and fifty louis.'

When the imperial coronation of Buonaparte took place at Paris, General Wirion, who wished to shine in that dazzling pantomime, at as small an expence as possible, departed for the capital, in an elegant carriage belonging to a Mr. Garland, one of the prisoners whom he *fleeced* with less than his usual forbearance. The general and his lady, after enjoying themselves at Paris for several months, returned to Verdun with their *borrowed* vehicle in a miserable plight. Mr. Garland is represented as a gentleman of considerable fortune in Essex; and Wirion, his wife, and his aid-de-camp, seem to have employed his property with as little ceremony, as if it were their own.

'The aid-de-camp seemed to be master of his house, and many of the English, who saw the system of extravagance that was going on there under his auspices, prudently remained away. They were afraid of being considered the aiders and abettors of these abuses, and might have been sent under some false accusation to Bitsche, had they ventured to oppose them. I cannot enumerate the presents of porcelain, plate, &c. received by the general; but to prepare the minds of the readers for the master-piece of extortion that was plotting, I will set before them some of the achievements of Monsieur Riccard, who was the ostensible instrument of iniquity, when the general remained behind the scenes. Riccard having offered to procure for Mr. Garland some Champagne wine, he expected that some dozens would arrive, but received so large a cargo, that he might have set up for wine-merchant; and for this liquor, as may be supposed, the aid-de-camp charged him the most exorbitant price.

'Another time, Mr. Garland having complained that he could get no good silk stockings at Verdun, Riccard promised to bespeak some for him. How great was Mr. G—'s astonishment at receiving two hundred and fifty pair of silk stockings, which speculation was no less productive to the aid-de-camp than the last.'

After this we find Wirion extorting at one time from this same Mr. Garland, a bill on his banker for no less a sum than five thousand pounds, under the threat of otherwise bringing him to a Court Martial for *intending* to make his escape.

At a grand fête, which Mrs. Concannon gave on the 26th of September, 1805, on the prince's birth-day, the hazard-table was, as usual, 'kept by the licensed gamblers from the Paris bank;' and the modest General Wirion, not con-

tented with winning at the bank, received five louis extraordinary for licensing the game.

But, enough of these revolting details of profligacy and injustice! The English may, indeed, thank their own folly and extravagance for part of the impositions to which they were subjected. But this does not excuse the multiplied acts of fraud, of extortion, and of cruelty, which were practised by the agents of the French government on persons who were placed in their power by the violation of the most sacred ties.

This is an amusing work, and throws considerable light on the actual state of France and the corruption and tyranny of its present government.

ART. XIII.—*An Apology for the Petitioners for liberty of Conscience.* By the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. London, Ridgeway, 1810. Price 1s. 6d.

AGAIN the venerable Mr. Wyvill appears before the public; the calm and temperate, but the vigilant and indefatigable friend of political and religious liberty. The weight of years has neither abated his zeal, nor relaxed his industry; and indeed the nearer he approaches to the closing scene of an honourable and useful life, the more bright and vivid seems that intellectual faculty, which has been constantly exercised for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. A cessation from toil is that privilege of grey hairs, which no man, possessing any portion of tender feeling, would withhold;—but though no individual is more entitled to this indulgence than Mr. Wyvill, there is no one who has exercised it less. Habit has rendered what would be a vexatious task to others, a source of delight to him; and he finds the sweets of well-doing preferable to the sweets of ease.

Though our statute-book, owing to the diffusion of knowledge and of civilization, has been gradually liberated from several ancient edicts of tyranny and superstition, yet several still remain, which if not enforced, are not yet annulled, and are calculated, at least to inspire terror and to operate as a silent restraint on that full liberty of conscience, which is the gift of God to rational man, and which consequently cannot be restrained nor abridged by any temporal power without equal impiety and injustice.—What the petitioners, whose cause Mr. Wyvill has ably advocated in the present pamphlet, claim, is no more than their right, not only as Englishmen who are

interested in the common blessings of a free constitution, but as men, who love and reverence the great Father of the human race, whose supremacy is insulted when his children are discouraged by fear or awed by punishment in the practice of that adoration which their hearts approve, or in the defence of those religious truths, which he has furnished them with reason to discuss. It is not merely the right of worshipping God in private according to any form which may be sanctioned by the conscience of the individual which the petitioners claim, and which the best interests of religion render necessary, but it is the right to teach, to preach, and to publish, whatever they may judge conducive to God's glory and to the moral benefit of mankind. Now this latter right is in our opinion very unjustly invaded, and very unreasonably circumscribed, by certain clauses in the British Statutes, particularly that in 9 and 10 W. III. c. 32, which inflicts the most dreadful penalties and incapacities on the conscientious opponents of that marvellously lucid doctrine, the Trinity in Unity.

This same law, which is still unrepealed, has been long considered, by many wise and good men both in, and out, of the church, as a disgrace to any government calling itself Christian. Under the restrictions of this law, and the formidable prohibitions of an ecclesiastical system, which confines the rights of discussion among its own ministers, within the boundary of thirty-nine articles, which appear to be equally contradictory to genuine Christianity and to sound logic, the minds of the clergy are subjected to a state of thralldom very unfavourable to liberty of thought, to freedom of inquiry; and to the consequent furtherance of truth.

The clergy are prevented by the system of pains and penalties, under which they are placed, from pursuing their researches into points of scriptural doctrine and religious truth, beyond the narrow line which is drawn by the articles. If they discern any truths, contrary to the articles, they must either place a crape before their eyes, or disguise the honest convictions of their minds, or make greater sacrifices of temporal interest than can be readily expected in the common average of human imperfection. Some few minds of a more elevated rank, or a more sturdy habit than the rest, will endeavour to break down the barrier which intolerance has placed in their way, and rather sacrifice their dearest hopes of secular advancement, than not defend what they believe to be the truth. But is it wise, is it politic, is it conducive to the cause either of virtue or of truth, to continue a system, which subjects the most conscientious men in the state to the greatest disadvantages?

We are not at present examining whether any particular doctrine in the liturgy of the establishment, be true or false ; but we may certainly without offence, assert that the doctrine of the Trinity must be either true or false. If it be true, must not the truth be confirmed in proportion as it is discussed ? If it be false, can it be too soon refuted by the learning of the clergy, or too soon expelled from the sanctuary of the establishment ? Are the clergy, who ought above all men to be the free and unprejudiced supporters of truth, to be impelled by the powerful stimulus of interest to defend what they believe not to be true ?

These are not times, in which the reason of men can be long hoodwinked, or error rendered dazzling even by the splendor of a lucrative establishment. A spirit of inquiry is gone forth into the world, which may be impeded in its exertions, but which cannot be crushed even by the arm of power. This spirit of inquiry, is only another term for a desire of ascertaining the truth on religious as well as other topics ; and as it is operating, and as it will daily become more extensively operative, in the community, is it not totally inconsistent with every principle of reason and every view of public interest, that the clergy of the establishment should be debarred from exercising their minds on truths, which it most immediately behoves them to discuss, and from dissipating errors, which are not less pernicious because they are covered with the mildew of antiquity ?

A religious establishment ought to be founded on the basis of truth ;—but how can this basis itself be formed, except of materials which have been selected by previous enquiry, and which the discriminating lovers of truth have picked from the rubbish of absurd and frivolous tenets in which religious truths are so usually enveloped ?—Concede the right of free inquiry to the clergy, and the establishment will command the respect and admiration even of its enemies ; but refuse it much longer, and we fear that a breach will be made in the old Gothic walls of the building by the rude assault of a turbulent host of variegated sectaries.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

FELIGION.

ART. 14.—*Sermons by the late Rev. Richard de Courcy, Vicar of St. Alkmund, Shrewsbury. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Nature of pure and undefiled Religion. Second Edition. London, Matthews and Leigh, 1810, 8vo. 9s.*

WE are told in the Preface that very few copies of the first edition of these sermons were printed beyond the number requisite for the subscribers; and that the publishers consequently thought they were rendering an acceptable service to the religious public by the present edition, which is neatly printed and smoothly pressed. Mr. De Courcy was an *evangelical preacher* of the established church; and the doctrines in these sermons are very agreeable to those which our ancestors embodied in the thirty-nine articles and bequeathed as a legacy, *nominally of peace, but virtually of strife*, to their descendants.

ART. 15.—*The Book of Job; translated from the Hebrew, by the late Miss Elizabeth Smith, Authoress of 'Fragments in Prose and Verse.' With a Preface and Annotations by the Rev. F. Randolph, D. D., Cadell and Davies, 1810.*

MISS SMITH, of whose life we shall give some account, when we can find leisure to review her 'Fragments in Prose and Verse,' appears to have been a young lady of very uncommon literary attainments. The present work is said to have been intended as an exercise of the authoress to improve herself in the knowledge of the Hebrew language. The learned editor, Dr. F. Randolph, seems to think that it merits a place among our best English versions, and that it is a performance of superior excellence, of which the interesting claims of the youth and sex of the writer, need not be pleaded to extenuate the faults. Indeed, Dr. Magee of Dublin, has gone so far as to assert that it conveys

'more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess.'

This will, we believe, be found by cool but candid critics, to be rather hyperbolic praise. But no one, who has any acquaintance with the Hebrew will deny that the translation has considerable merits; and that, if it has omitted some of the beauties, it has supplied some of the defects, and corrected some of the errors, of the established version. As a specimen of Miss Smith's

talents as a translator, we will quote the thirty-ninth chapter, which our readers can readily compare with the authorized version.

- 1 Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock
bring forth ?
Canst thou mark when the *kinds calve* ?
- 2 Canst thou number the months, they fulfill ?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth ?
- 3 They bow themselves, they bring forth their young,
They cast out their sorrows.
- 4 Their young ones break away; they thrive in the desert,
They go forth, and return not unto them.
- 5 Who hath sent out the wild ass free ?
And who hath loosed the bands of the *brayer* ?
- 6 Whose house I have made the wilderness,
And the salt places, his habitations.
- 7 He scorneth the throng of the city,
He hears not the voice of the oppressor.
- 8 His pasture is the range of the mountains,
And he seeks after every green twig.
- 9 Is the *wild bull* willing to serve thee ?
Or will he remain at thy crib ?
- 10 Will a rope keep him bound in the furrow ?
Or after thee will he *shatter* the clods ?
- 11 On him wilt thou depend for his strength ?
Wilt thou leave him thy work to perform ?
- 12 Wilt thou trust him to bring home thy seed,
And lay it on the floor to be threshed ?
- 13 The wing of the ostrich is fluttered,
But is it the wing of the stork and its plumage ?
- 14 For she leaveth her eggs on the earth,
She leaveth them warm on the sand ;
- 15 And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,
The beast of the field may stamp them.
- 16 She is *hard* against her young, as though they were not
her's,
Her labour is vain for want of precaution.
- 17 Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,
He hath not given her a portion of understanding.
- 18 When she lifteth herself up on high,
She scorneth the horse and his rider.
- 19 Hast thou given strength to the horse ?
Hast thou clothed his neck with the shaking mane ?
- 20 Hast thou made him dreadful as the locust ?
The *noise of his snorting* is terrible.
- 21 He paweth deep the ground, he rejoiceth in his strength,
He rushes forth to meet the clash (of arms.)
- 22 He laugheth at fear, he is never dismayed,
He turneth not aside from the face of the sword.

- 23 Against him the quiver may rattle,
The head of the spear and the javelin.
24 With quivering, and shaking, he swalloweth the ground,
And scarce believes the trumpet sounds.
25 He saith, among the trumpets, ha, ha !
From afar he scents the battle ;
The thunder of the *singers*, and the shouting.
26 Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom ?
Spreading her wings toward the south.
27 At thy command doth the eagle soar ?
And build her nest on high.
28 She dwelleth on the rock,
She sitteth on the craggy point,
And watcheth for her prey :
29 From thence, she pierceth her food,
Her eyes behold it afar.
30 Her young ones swallow blood,
And where the slain are, there is she.'

In verse 4, in the above extract, '*they thrive in the desert*, is better than the established version '*they grow up with corn*.' 'Who hath loosed the bands of the *brayers*?' (5) *Brayer* is an awkward word, and tends to produce a ludicrous association of ideas, which it is always wise to avoid as far as possible in sacred subjects. The original might consistently be rendered 'Who hath released the fugitive from his hands?' '*He hears not the voice of the oppressor*,' (7) is more pointedly rendered in the old version 'neither regardeth he the crying of the *driver*.' '*She is hard* against her young, as though they were not her's,' would have been better 'She is insensate to her young, as if they were not her's' In the celebrated description of the horse, '*Hast thou clothed his neck with the shaking mane?*' is more clear and distinct than '*Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?*' which some suppose to have more sound than sense. The word רעמה may certainly signify several species of violent and vibratory motion. When a war-horse is preparing for battle, the whole force of the animal spirits is thrown, as it were, into the neck and mane, which seem in a state of electrical concussion.

'Hast thou made him dreadful as the locust?' is preferable to '*Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?*' But we should prefer, '*Hast thou given to his prancing the terror of the locust?*' The locust is one of the Eastern symbols of destruction; and in the idiom of the country, in which Job lived, the proud trampling of the war-horse could not be more forcibly expressed than by being assimilated to the ravage of the locust-swarm, which spreads desolation wherever it lights in its way. '*From afar he scents the battle; the thunder of the singers, and the shouting.*' Would not '*the voice of the chiefs*' be more appropriate? We have not room for further remark; but we must say that this work is very honourable to the memory of

Miss Smith; and we must add, that the errors which this self-taught Hebraist, has corrected in the established version, ought to be an incitement to the hierarchy, to revise, correct, and improve the translation of the Scriptures, which is in use in the English church.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*A Political Catechism; adapted to the present Moment.*
London, Mawman, 1810.

WE are not, in general, friendly to those modes of instruction, which are commonly called Catechisms, whether they be adopted in religion, or in politics; as they appear to encourage the neglect of the thinking faculty, and to operate rather as a task for the memory, than an exercise of the understanding. The present production is evidently the work of a liberal mind, animated by the love of rational liberty. It inculcates some of those principles of freedom which ought to be instilled in youth, to be practised in manhood, and to be cherished as a sacred trust to the last spark of expiring life. The following specimens will shew the kind of spirit which pervades this little work:

‘Q. What is liberty? A. Liberty is an exemption from all laws but those which the nation itself enacts, and from all taxes but those which the nation itself imposes. Q. Is liberty a great blessing? A. Yes; because it brings with it every other blessing. Q. Can this be proved by experience? A. Yes; every free state is rich, industrious, flourishing, and happy; though its climate should be bad, its soil poor, and all nature frown around it. Thus look at Genoa, spreading riches and fertility over burning rocks. See Venice raising her golden palaces amid the swamps of the Adriatic; consider Holland with all its populous towns seated in the mud of the ocean.’

‘Q. What then ought to be the grand object of the attention and jealousy of the English nation? A. The influence of the crown. Q. Is not such a jealousy incompatible with the love we ought to bear to the king? A. No; the king, like every other human being, must ground his claim to affection upon his virtues and good conduct. Attachment, founded upon place and dignity only, is slavish, unmanly, and a sort of political idolatry. Our country claims our affections first, and next, they who serve that country best.’

ART. 17.—*England vindicated; or, Observations on a Pamphlet, entitled, ‘England the cause of Europe’s Subjugation.’* London, Tipper, 1810.

WE noticed the work, on which some strictures are made in the present pamphlet, in our Review for February last; and we must confess that it did not make the same impression upon us

as it seems to have done on the mind of this alarmist. It appeared to us a sensible performance, and it contains some *facts* which the answerer would have done well to disprove before he gave vent to the present angry animadversions. The various coalitions against France which were formed by the late Mr. Pitt, contributed at the same time to exhaust the resources of our own country, and to promote the aggrandizement of our enemy. This was the constant opinion of Mr. Fox, and this opinion is now become an historical reality.

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Poems by Mary Russel Mitford.* London, Valpy, 1810.

IN this little volume, we were gratified with more poetical conception than we expected to find. Miss Mitford's first performance in this volume (a tale called *Sybille*) is executed with much feeling and spirit, and may perhaps be thought the 'best, of her best.' The poem, on revisiting the school where she was educated, is in a different style, and shews the fair authoress's talents in the varied measures of poetry. The characters of her school-fellows are pleasingly portrayed. The description of her favourite female friend, Zosia, a Polish girl, exhibits in a very pleasing light, the pure and amiable feelings of the writer. The next composition was 'written in a favourite bower, previous to leaving home, May 14, 1809.' This we shall quote :

'Farewel ! my own romantic bow'r,
Sweet shelter in the noon-tide hour !
Scarce yet thy willow buds unfold
Their silver leaves on stems of gold ;
Scarce yet the woodbine's clasping arms
Twine round the elm her modest charms ;
Scarce yet, in richest robe array'd,
The oaks display their summer shade ;
But thy fair bank, in beauty gay,
Can boast the blooming tints of May ;
Pure, limpid, sparkling, is the flood
That murmurs through thy tangl'd wood ;
And fragrant is the balmy gale,
That gently whispers through the vale.

'Oh ! pleasant is thy turfy seat,
Sweet is thy shade, my lov'd retreat !
Bright pansies deck th' enamell'd ground,
Cowslips and harebells wave around ;
The dandelion, brilliant weed !
Spreads its gay blossoms o'er the mead,
Like stars, that in December's gloom
A countless host, the sky illumine.

In superstition's dreary hour
 Vast is thy sway, thou star-like flow'r !
 Thy light and feather'd orb reveals
 The husband, cruel fate conceals,
 As wafted by the maiden's sigh,
 The buoyant seeds wide-scatt'ring fly.
 But oft, alas ! the village maid
 Seeks the dark gipsy's fatal aid,
 Down by the wood's romantic side
 She glides unseen at ev'ning tide,
 With trembling awe her fate she hears,
 Quick rising hopes, and bashful fears ;
 Wak'd by the sybil's wily art,
 What transports swell that simple heart !
 She tells of gentle lovers true,
 With nut-brown hair, and eyes of blue,
 " 'Tis he ! 'tis William ! " Lucy cries,
 And light as air to meet him flies,
 Too fond, too happy, to be wise !

' How slowly swells the limpid flood !
 How calm, how still the solitude !
 No sound comes wafted on the gale,
 Save the sweet warblings of the vale ;
 No curling smoke waves on the breeze,
 Hemm'd closely in by circling trees,
 Save, where o'er yonder rustic gate
 The tall oaks twine in gothic state,
 And through the arch in lustre gay,
 The landscape spreads its bright array.
 The woodland wild—the cultur'd plain,
 Its lowing herds, and fleecy train—
 The cottage by the green woodside,
 With blooming orchard spreading wide,—
 The village school—the farm—the green—
 The ivied tower, at distance seen,—
 And the soft hills that swelling rise,
 Mingling their grey tops with the skies,
 Illumin'd by the western beams
 How fair this living picture gleams !

' Lov'd seat, farewell ! yet soon I come,
 I leave not long my happy home :
 When thy sweet woodbine's charms unclose ;
 When blushes tinge thy modest rose ;
 When thy pure lily on the tide
 Rears her fair flow'rs, in beauty's pride ;
 When, where the whiten'd blossoms spread,
 The scarlet berry hides its head ;
 Then will I seek my shelter'd bow'r,
 And while away the noon-tide hour,

Remote from folly, noise, and strife,
 Gaze from my calm retreat, on life;
 List to the music of the glade;
 Watch the swift flitting shadows fade;
 With the lov'd muse of friendship stray,
 Or weep o'er Campbell's melting lay.'

The Night of May addressed to Miss W. breathes the true spirit of rural scenery. The next, and perhaps the *very best* piece in the collection, is entitled, an 'Epistle to a Friend,' p. 101. In this, as in her other poems, Miss Mitford excels in her description of local scenery; for the attractions of which she appears to possess that genuine taste which indicates an accomplished, and commonly a virtuous mind. The few notes which Miss M. has added to her elegant little volume, prove her to be a well educated, well read, and sensible female; and we trust that she will again honour our critical society with her elegant and polished company. The sparks of poetic fire which now twinkle in her page, will, we hope, by proper attention to the choice of her subject, and by carefully avoiding the imitation of *affected* poets, both male and female, shine more resplendently in a regular and well-conducted poem.

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*The Prison of Montauban; or, Times of Terror. A reflective Tale.* By the Editor of *Letters of the Swedish Court*. London, Cradock, 1810. Price 6s.

THIS is a simple little story, combining instruction and amusement. The scenes which it describes, are laid in the French prisons during the tyranny of Robespierre. Some few anecdotes of different sufferers under his sanguinary reign, are very feelingly told, and are, we are sorry to say, but too true. The story, or as it is called the reflective tale, now before us, relates the history of Isabella de Montford, only child of the baron of that name, residing at Mout Cassel. Isabella's character is well drawn; her father was a German gentleman of much thought, great knowledge, and scientific research; naturally reserved, but a pleasant companion. The baroness is a French woman, all 'naive and winning vivacity,' and one of the most amiable of her sex. The daughter, Isabella, it seems, partakes in a most pleasing manner of the character of both parents, and forms a highly finished and exalted character, without any of those traits of high flown sentiment and enthusiastic romance, which we so often meet with in French females. She was brought up with great care by her virtuous parents, her early education we are told

'was by no means a common-place one, it was not a rigid system, a cord tightly drawn; it was a constant happy influx of

excellent and delightful ideas ; of pleasant and useful knowledge.'

The little account of her early years and style of education is very pleasing. Isabella loses her valuable mother when she is about eighteen, and devotes her time and attention to her father. Their mutual confidence renders the intercourse between the father and daughter delightful and interesting. The baron has under his protection the orphan son of an old friend ; this young man is very good, and very docile, does as he is bid, and methodizes his time, his amusements, and occupations, with insipid uniformity. The baron, who is much prejudiced in the young man's favour, destines him for the accomplished and virtuous Isabella, the stay and the solace of his remaining days. Isabella consents to her father's wishes ; and Dubois is admitted as a candidate for her favour. He expresses his gratitude with formal complacency, is extremely easy on his approaching happiness, and takes every thing that comes in his way with perfect coolness. Before the time is fixed for their marriage, the baron and his daughter are seized by municipal officers and dragged to different prisons in France. The horrors of the prison in which Isabella was placed, urged her to importune the goaler to give her ' any hole but where she was.' He takes her by the arms and drags her through dark places and strong doors to a kind of cell, saying, as he enters, ' I have brought you a nice companion, young citizen, and closed the door upon her. A tall male figure traversed the apartment,' This tall figure proves to be the Marquis de Villeneuve, who had frequently visited at Mont Cassel, and became enamoured of Isabella, but his addresses are refused in favour of Dubois, her father's ward. This young nobleman is described as possessing many and great virtues, but of very free notions. He thought it as safe to wander without a guide to the edges of precipices and ravines, as to walk in a narrow, and secure path. ' He had given but little thought to the more serious subjects of morality and religion, and therefore it falls to the lot of Isabella to fix his faith in the latter, and strengthen his resolution in the former. This she does with much good sense in the prison of Montauban, where they spend some melancholy time in the expectation of being led to the guillotine. The respect and delicacy which the Marquis shows to Isabella in this trying situation, for they have but one room and a small recess for a bed which he gives up to her, evince his love and almost adoration. He guards her with the affection and delicacy of a brother, he refrains from speaking of his passion and suffers not a look nor a word to embarrass her. The door of her prison, is at length opened by her destined husband, Dubois, who conducts Isabella home to her father, whom he has also released. Dubois, however, does not at all relish the idea of Isabella's being domesticated with the Marquis in the prison, though she assures him of his upright conduct

and undeviating delicacy. He continues reserved and sullen, and all the arguments of Isabella cannot give him a generous heart. After a little time, this cold and suspecting lover formally renounces Isabella's hand, and goes to England. Her father declines in health and dies. The Marquis de Villeneuve is released from prison and resumes his addresses, which, after a proper time, are accepted, and he is made happy in the possession of the woman he so passionately and so deservedly admires. This story is written, with the best intentions, on forming virtuous attachments, and contains many salutary remarks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 20.—*Grammatical Questions, adapted to the Grammar of Lindley Murray; with Notes. By C. Bradley, A. M. Master of Wallingford School. London, Longman, 1810. 2s. 6d.*

THIS is an improved edition of a useful work.

ART. 21.—*Explanation of, and Observations on, an Antique Medal, accompanied with an exact Copper-plate, drawn from the Original, now in the Possession of S. Lyon, Author of a Hebrew Grammar and Lexicon, entitled, 'The Gate of Heaven.' London, Whitmore, 1810. 3s. 6d.*

THE medal which Mr. Lyon has here endeavoured to explain, is said to have been found 'by a labouring man, whilst digging in a ruin near Huntingdon.' What Mr. Lyon has said on the subject, has by no means convinced us that this *Antique* medal is not a modern forgery.

ART. 22.—*Introduction to the Science of Harmony; or, a Catechism uniting with the first Practical Lessons on the Piano Forte, the Rudiments of the thorough Bass. By S. Spence. London, Harris, 1810.*

THIS is a useful little book for beginners; the dialogue is given in a plain easy manner; and the explanations and questions on the diatonic modulations are very clear and compressed, and the musical vocabulary at the end will prove to many a performer very acceptable.

Mrs. Spence appears to us well qualified to fulfil the arduous task of superintending the education of youth.

ART. 23.—*Hector; a Tragedy in five Acts. By J. Ch. J. Luce de Sancival; performed for the first Time at the French Theatre in Paris, February 1st, 1809. Translated by Edward Mangin, A. M. Author of the Life of Malesherbes, from the French; Oddities and Outlines; George the Third, a Novel; an Essay on Light Reading, &c. Longman, 2s. 8vo.*

THE declamatory insipidity of this tragedy is not the fault of the translator;—he has performed his part well; but it is vain to expect a good tragedy in the degraded state of the French

press, under the tyranny of Buonaparte. The writers are afraid of uttering any energetic sentiment, which may be applicable to the despot on the throne.

ART. 24.—*Popular Opinions on Patriotism; examined in four Essays.* London, Ebers, 1810.

THESE essays contain many sensible remarks. All the virtues are component parts of patriotism, comprehensively considered. Private virtue must be public good; and individual vice must, in a great or less degree, be general detriment.

ART. 25.—*The Speculum; or, Art of Drawing in Water Colours: and Instructions for Sketching from Nature; comprising the whole Process of a Water-coloured Drawing, familiarly exemplified. In Drawing, Shadowing, and Tinting a complete Landscape in all its progressive Stages; with Directions for compounding and using Colours, Indian Ink, Bistrude.* By J. Hassell, second Edition. London, Tegg, 1810.

OUR author begins his simple but highly instructive treatise, in these words,

‘Painting is the art of imitating nature, by combining proportional lines with correspondent colours, so as to represent to the life, objects of every description and every form.’

His sensible remarks and instructions on the rigid rules of perspective, accord entirely with our own ideas; for only in the nice adherence to perspective, can true taste and science appear. As lovers of the beautiful art of sketching from nature, we cannot but lament that instructors should not especially labour to impress their pupils with the rules of perspective, and make them strictly adhere to that essential point. When that is once attained, all the rest becomes easy and delightful. The general mode of teaching landscape-painting is by copy; and few, if any copyists ever display great nicety of perspective when they employ their own fancy in sketching a landscape. But if they were taught to sketch from nature, observing Mr. Hassell’s plain rules, which he has laid down in the most simple but convincing manner, we should not be so often disappointed, when contemplating a beautifully coloured and highly-finished drawing, by this flagrant and glaring fault which entirely spoils the whole. His observations on simplicity are clear and sensible; and from his instructions on the judicious manner of throwing in figures into a landscape, the juvenile artist will derive great advantage. Mr. H. next gives directions for mixing colours, which he divides into seven heads. He next describes shadowing and colouring, preparation of tints, the preparation of the paper for drawing, &c. What he says on these subjects is judicious, and evinces the man of taste and science in this beautiful art.

ART. 26.--*Domestic Management ; or, the Healthful Cookery Book : to which is prefixed, a Treatise on Diet, as the surest Means to preserve Health, long Life, &c. With many valuable Observations on the nutritious and beneficial, as well as the injurious Effects of various Kinds of Food. Also, Remarks on the wholesome and pernicious Modes of Cookery, intended as an Antidote to Modern Errors therein ; to which is added, the Method of treating such trifling Medical Cases, as properly come within the Sphere of Domestic Management. By a Lady.* London, Crosby, 1810. Price 5s.

THE management of a family, with a knowledge of cookery, is one of the most essential parts of female education. To combine elegance with economy, or to superintend the housekeeping with exactness and punctuality, without hurry and bustle, not only promotes the domestic comfort of the fire-side, but renders the female a greater object of admiration, either to her husband or her parent, than if she now and then displayed her taste and genius in the setting-out a table for a large dinner-party twice a year. It is that regular system, which makes every day alike in its comforts, that indicates a good, an elegant, and an economical housewife.

We cannot entirely agree with the authoress of *Domestic Management* in many of her assertions, or in some of her observations on the wholesome and the unwholesome ; and if we were to reject the numerous ingredients in cookery, which she places under the head of pernicious, we should not only lose half of the good things Providence has so profusely bestowed upon us, but render our food extremely insipid, and scarcely worth the trouble of cooking or eating. This lady seems to have an insuperable objection to the whites of eggs, when beat up with the yolk for puddings and other things of the like kind. She thinks them unwholesome and destines them with 'cabbage-stalks and pea-shells to the dunghill.'

On looking over the various receipts of this work, we cannot help thinking that our authoress obtained her knowledge of cookery on the other side of the Tweed. *We* look upon cleanliness, in every thing to be *extremely essential* to comfort ; but in cookery it is *indispensible*. Our Northern neighbours, it is generally allowed do not pay that attention to cleanliness which their Southern friends think so requisite to the well-cooking of viands and the well-ordering of a table. In page 243, in her directions for boiling trout, the authoress tells us to broil them 'without cleaning, as some persons prefer this method.' Who those persons can be, who prefer the filth of fish, it is very difficult to say ; but that they are not English ladies or gentlemen we will venture to assert.

We have a very good *Jew-dish*, salmon dipped in oil, with whittings broiled *with the insides untouched*. All this may be vastly nice, to those who prefer oil and grease, and gills and guts with their fish ; but as plain cleanly animals, we cannot by any means subscribe to this nasty method of slovenly cookery. We

cannot conclude without giving a gentle hint to the lady, that if ever she does us the honour of sending us a card for dinner, she will order her cook to clean the fish, before it is dressed; and to spare herself the trouble of pouring a quantity of *melted butter over the asparagus*, as we can assure her, that these things are never permitted at an elegant, a genteel, or a plain table, where the mistress understands any thing of the economy of a dinner.

We think that our authoress excels most in her directions for making puddings, of which she has given us a great variety. In her observations on Domestic Management, we meet with nothing but what we have repeatedly seen before in books of this kind; nor have we marked any improvement in the art of cookery, saving the dressing of fish, with the *inside in*, if it may be so termed. It has been remarked, that there is scarce any book, let it be ever so dull, which may not contain something that may instruct; and this may, for ought we know, be the case with respect to this Healthful Cookery Book. But we must own that we have many books of this kind preferable in many respects to the one now before us. One praise we must give, which the work very justly claims. It avoids a fault which belongs to many similar works, that of making every dish too extravagant and expensive for middling life.

ART. 27.—*A Compendious History of the Israelites.* By Robert Atkins. London, Button, 1810. Price 2s.

THIS work is too compendious to exhibit any thing more than a very faint outline of the Jewish history. Our readers well know that Buonaparte assembled a deputation of seventy-four Jews at Paris, in the summer of 1806, probably in order to render that singular people more convenient instruments of his venal and ambitious policy. But whatever might be the motives of Buonaparte in this measure, his express admission of the Jews to the privileges of his other subjects, will certainly tend to produce some change in their moral and political character. At least these Israelites will now become more intimately identified with the Great Nation, than they have ever before been with any people, among whom they have been dispersed. The Jewish deputies have recommended their brethren to conform to the *French civil code*; nor are they likely to resist this invitation, as not merely the illiterate rabble, but even the literati and wise men among them seem to acquiesce in the opinion that *Buonaparte is their promised Messiah*, and that their predicted restoration has been already accomplished by their restoration to the social and civil rights, of which they have been so long deprived. One of the prodigies attending the life and history of Buonaparte, seems likely to be that the *code Napoleonne* will supplant that of Moses in the minds and hearts of those who have been its bigoted adherents for so many centuries. Is not this an age of wonders?

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published in
July, 1810.*

Additional Studies perfective of the Temple of Truth, 8vo. 9s. boards.

Advice on the Study of the Law, with Directions to Attornies' Clerks, 8vo. 5s. boards.

Brand.—Observations on Popular Antiquities; including the whole of Mr. Bourne's *Antiquitates Vulgares*, with Addenda to every Chapter of that Work; as also an Appendix. By John Brand, A. B. of Lincoln College, Oxford, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Bruce.—Annals of the Honourable East India Company, from their Establishment by the Charter of Queen Elizabeth, 1600, to the Union of the London and English East India Companies, 1807, 8. By John Bruce, Esq. M. P. & F. R. S. 3 vols. 4to. 4l. 10s. boards.

Collinson.—An Analysis of Hooke's Eight Books of Ecclesiastical Polity. By the Rev. J. Collinson, M. A. Rector of Gateshead, Durham, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Cockle.—Moral Truths and Studies from Natural History; intended as a Sequel to the *Juvenile Journal*, or *Tales of Truth*, by Mrs. Cockle, f. c. 7s. boards.

Chalmers' History of the Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings attached to the University of Oxford, with 32 Engravings. Demy 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Super-royal 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. Quarto, 6l. 6s.

Cowper's Milton, in 4 vols cr. 8vo. 2l. 2s. boards.

Clarke.—Letters on Picturesque and Moral Geography; illustrative of Landscape and Manners in the various Countries of Europe. By Francis L. Clarke, Esq. 12mo. 5s.

Edinburgh (The) Monthly Register of Foreign and Domestic Occurrences, in History, Science, and Literature, for June 1810, No. 1, price 2s.

Forest (The) of Montalbano, a Novel in 4 vols. By the Author of "Santo Sebastiano," and "the Romance of the Pyrenees."

Guy's Chart of General History, from the best Authorities, both Ancient and Modern, 7s. sheet, 10s. 6d. rollers.

Goldsmith.—The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte; including the private Life, Character, Domestic Administration, and his Conduct to Foreign Powers: together with Secret Anecdotes of the different Courts of Europe, and of the French Revolution. By Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Public, 8vo. 16s. boards.

Hamilton.—The Eucheridion Medicum, or Young Practitioners' Pocket Companion. By William Hamilton, M. B. 12mo. 6s. boards.

Harrison.—An Address delivered to the Lincolnshire Benevolent Medical Society, at their Anniversary Meeting in 1809, containing an Account of the Proceedings lately adopted to improve Medical Science, and an Exposition of the intended Act for regulating Medical Education and Practice. By E. Harrison, M. D. F. R. A. S. Ed. 8vo. 7s. boards.

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Poetical (A) Account of the Installation of a Chancellor of the University of Oxford, 4to. 3s. 6d. sd.

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Potts' Gazetteer of England and Wales, containing the Statistics, Agriculture, and Mineralogy, of the Counties. By Thomas Potts, 8vo. 11. 7s. boards.

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